

THE ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING & DRAMATIC
NEWS

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1876.

PRICE SIXPENCE
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"A WINGLESS FAIRY." (THE LAST PANTOMIME REHEARSAL.)

RAILWAYS.

BRIGHTON.—A PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM
CAR TRAIN will run EVERY WEEK DAY between Victoria and Brighton, leaving Victoria 10.45 a.m., returning from Brighton 5.45 p.m.
EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First-Class Train from Victoria 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Tickets, 10s.

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EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains for Brighton leave Victoria at 9.50 and 11.50 a.m., and London Bridge 10 a.m. and 12 noon.
Fare—First Class, Half a Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds). Available to return by any train the same day.
EVERY WEDNESDAY, Cheap Return Tickets to Brighton, including admission to the Aquarium, are issued from Victoria, London Bridge, and nearly all Stations.
J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

BOMBAY.—ANCHOR LINE.—INDIAN
SERVICE.—Regular and Direct Steam Communication from GLASGOW and LIVERPOOL to BOMBAY. The Steamers of the Anchor Line are intended to be dispatched as follows:—

| | From Glasgow. | From Liverpool. |
|-----------|---------------------|---------------------|
| MACEDONIA | Saturday, Feb. 19. | Saturday, Feb. 26. |
| TRINACRIA | Saturday, March 18. | Saturday, March 25. |
| EUROPA | Saturday, April 15. | Saturday, April 22. |

Additional Sailings will be arranged as the exigencies of the trade may require. These vessels were specially built and equipped for the conveyance of Passengers, and are fitted with all the modern improvements and comforts used in the Indian trade. The State Rooms are large, airy, and well ventilated, and the accommodation for Cabin Passengers is unsurpassed. Early applications for Passages should be made. Saloon Cabin Fare, Forty-five Guineas; Second Cabin, Twenty-five Guineas, which includes all requisites except Wines and Liquors, which can be had on board at moderate rates.
Apply to Henderson Brothers, 47, Union-street, Glasgow; 17, Water-street, Liverpool; 1, Panmuir-street, Dundee; J. W. Jones, Chapel-walk, Manchester; or to
HENDERSON BROTHERS,
19, Leadenhall-street, London.

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AT
ALL HAZARDS.

[THE HORSE AND CARRIAGE MART WILL OPEN IN THIS HALL IN MARCH.]

THE
HOLBORN RESTAURANT,
218, HIGH HOLBORN,
ONE OF THE SIGHTS & ONE OF THE COMFORTS OF LONDON.

Attractions of the chief Parisian Establishments, with the quiet and order essential to English customs.
DINNERS AND LUNCHEONS FROM DAILY BILL OF FARE.
A TABLE D'HOTE EVERY EVENING
from 6 to 8.30, 3s. 6d.,

Including two Soups, two kinds of Fish, two Entrées, Joints, Sweets, Cheese, Salad, &c., with Dessert
THIS FAVOURITE DINNER IS ACCOMPANIED BY A SELECTION OF HIGH-CLASS INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC. COFFEE, TEA, CHESS, AND SMOKING ROOMS.

HORSE SHOE HOTEL.
264, 265, 266, 267, TOTTENHAM COURT-ROAD.
NOW OPEN.

HORSE SHOE TABLE D'HOTE
EVERY EVENING.
SUNDAY from 6 to 8.30. 3s. 6d.,
Including Two Soups, Three kinds of Fish, Three Entrées, Two Joints, Sweets, Tees, Cheese, Salad, and Dessert.

HORSE SHOE DINING-ROOMS.
LADIES' COFFEE-ROOM. GRILL-ROOM. WINE SHADES.

HORSE SHOE CAFE.
NEAPOLITAN ICES. SMOKING-ROOMS. BILLIARD-ROOMS.

HORSE SHOE RESTAURANT.
BUFFET. OYSTER BARS.

HORSE SHOE LUNCHEON BARS.
BED-ROOMS. LAVATORIES.

HORSE SHOE HOT BATHS.
COLD BATHS. DRESSING-ROOMS. NOW OPEN.

FOR PUDDINGS, CLAUDE-MANGE, &c., &c.
BROWN & POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR
HAS TWENTY YEARS' WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

MARAVILLA COCOA FOR BREAKFAST.
"It may justly be called the Perfection of Prepared Cocoa."—British Medical Press.
MARAVILLA COCOA.
"Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the MARAVILLA COCOA above all others."—Globe.
Sold in tin-lined packets only by Grocers. TAYLOR BROTHERS, London, Sole Proprietors.

PEPPER'S QUININE and IRON TONIC, in a weak or disordered state of health, prostration of strength, nervous derangement, neuralgic affections, aches and pains of every kind, sluggish circulation, depressed spirits, imperfect digestion, &c. By the formation of new blood, and its vivifying effect on the nerve centres, it develops new health, strength, and energy quickly. An increased appetite is always an effect of Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic. Thirty-two doses are contained in the 4s. 6d. bottle; next size, 11s.; stone jars, 22s. Sold by all Chemists; any Chemist will procure it; or sent for stamps by J. Pepper, 237, Tottenham-court-road, London.

THEATRES.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone.—THIS EVENING (SATURDAY) and During the Week will be performed for the first time a New and Original Play, in Five Acts, entitled **ANNE BOLEYN**. By Tom Taylor, Esq. Characters by Messrs. Howa, C. Harcourt, Arthur Cecil, Conway, Everill, R. Moore, Weathersby, Matthison, Forbes Robertson, Dolman, Kyle, Braid, Clark, Osborne, &c.; Miss Neilson, Mesdames Lucy Buckstone, Mellish, Beverley, Carlisle, E. Thorne, B. Henri, M. Harris, E. Harrison, Wed, &c. Synopsis of Scenery—Act I., Wooded; Act II., Won; Act III., Wed; Act IV., Wronged; Act V., Doomed. New Scenery by T. O'Connor, T. Hall, and G. Morris. Stage Manager, Mr. Howe. Doors open at 7; commencing at 7.30. Box-office open 10 till 5. Acting Manager, Mr. C. Walter.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mrs. Bateman.—THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), and during next week, at 8, LEAH—Miss Bateman. At 7, POPPING THE QUESTION. Concluding with SIMPSON AND CO. On SATURDAY, FEB. 12, Mr. Irving as Othello and Miss Bateman as Emilia, each for the first time. Tennyson's **QUEEN MARY** will be produced this season.

ADVICE TO THE PUBLIC.
READ "BLEAK HOUSE."
GLOBE THEATRE.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, F. B. Chatterton. On MONDAY, FEB. 7, and during the Week, the Grand Pantomime, **WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT**, in which the celebrated Vokes Family will make their reappearance in England. Morning Performances, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, Feb. 2, 3, and 5. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Hare.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.15 precisely, Mr. W. S. Gilbert's New and Original Fairy Play, **BROKEN HEARTS**. Characters will be played by Miss Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal), Miss Hollingshead, Miss Plowden, Mr. Kendal, and Mr. G. W. Anson. Preceded by, at 7.30, **A MORNING CALL**—Miss Hughes and Mr. C. Kelly. At 10, **A QUIET RUBBER**—Mr. Hare, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Herbert, and Miss Plowden. Box-office hours 11 till 5. No fees for booking seats. Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. John Huy.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING. At 7.30, **A WHIRLIGIG**; at 8, **OUR BOYS**, by Henry J. Byron; concluding with **A FEARFUL FOG**; supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Charles Sugden, and David James; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Free List entirely suspended.—N.B. Morning Performances of "Our Boys" this day (Saturday) and Saturday next, Feb. 12. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE ROYAL.
Mr. J. A. Cave, Manager.
Last five nights of the triumphant and successful Grand Operatic Féerie Extravaganza, entitled **LORD BATEMAN: HIS ADVENTURES BY LAND AND SEA**. At 8 o'clock. The Music selected and composed by M. Jacobi; the Libretto by Sydney French. Superb Costumes by Miss Fisher and Mr. S. May, from designs by Alfred Maltby; constructed and placed upon the stage by Mr. J. A. Cave.
The following unprecedented cast:—William Rignold, Frank Hall, J. H. Jarvis, W. G. Ross, G. Robert, L. Fountain, J. Husk, and Harry Paulton; Misses Lennox Grey, Eily Beaumont, Adelaide Newton, Sara Lillian, Kate Garston, A. Hilton, Brunelli, Emma Chambers and Miss Lizzie Robson. The Marvellous Faust Family. The Kladderadatsch and Zamascon Troupes. Middle, Pitteri, Middle, Pertoldi, and upwards of One Hundred Coryphees will appear in the new magnificent Turkish Ballet, arranged by John Lauri. The scenery will be upon a more magnificent scale than hitherto attempted at this theatre, by Albert Calcott. Conclude with an Italian Pantomime. Open at 6.45.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate.
Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. John and Richard Douglass. Opening of the Grand New Entrances and immense success of the best Pantomime ever produced, **THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD**. Splendid scenery Mr. Richard Douglass. Gorgeous costumes, brilliant pageants and spectacle. Every Evening, at 7. Morning Performances every Monday and Thursday, at 12.30, to which children under ten half price. The celebrated Paynes from Covent Garden as pantomimists. Mr. W. H. Payne, Mr. Fred. Payne, Mr. H. Payne, and Mr. J. Barnum, Miss Jenny Beauclere, Miss Rose Graham, and Miss Emmeline Cole.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Continued Success of the Gorgeous Pantomime. The most beautiful Transformation Scene in London.
Every Evening, at 6.45, **EL FLAMBO**; or, the Waters of the Singing Well—Mrs. S. Lane; Messrs. Fred. Foster, Frederick Marchant, Bigwood, Lewis, Bell, Fox, Pitt, Parry, Hyde; Misses. Pollie Randall, Summers, Rayner. Harlequinade by the Lupino Troupe, ten in number. Concluding with **ZELMA**; or, an Indian's Love—Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Charlton, Reeve; Misses. Adams, Bellair, Rayner.

SURREY THEATRE.—Lessee, W. Holland.
Every Evening, at 7.45, Grand Pantomime, **JACK THE GIANT KILLER**. Greatest success in London—vide the Press. "Ecce nos Rursum." "Now, by our troth, but we must see this Surrey" says somebody in somebody's historical play. Mr. Punch repeats it in reference to the pantomime at the theatre of that ilk—"taken all round, and Vokeses apart, emphatically the best this year."—Punch, Jan. 29. Preceded, at 7, with screaming Farce. Prices 6d. to 3s. Morning Performances every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 2, to which Children are admitted half price. Miss Jennie Lee, Nellie Moon, Susie Vaughan, Sisters Elliott, &c.; Messrs. Jas. Fawn, H. Taylor, Orkins and Bell, Admiral Tom Trump, &c. Clown, Harry Crouste.
Stage Manager, J. H. Doyne. Musical Director, Sidney Davis. Secretary, Thos. B. Warne. Acting Manager, W. Parker.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. Geo. Conquest.—Dancing in the New Hall. Every Evening, at 7, to commence with the Grand Pantomime of **SPITZ SPITZE, THE SPIDER CRAB**; or, the Sprite of Spitzbergen, written by Messrs. Geo. Conquest and H. Spry. New and elaborate scenery. Music by Oscar H. Barrett. Messrs. Geo. Conquest and his Son, Herbert Campbell, B. Morton, Vincent, &c.; Misses Amy Forrest, Dot Robins, Lizzie Claremont, Lizzie, Laura, and Ada Conquest. Clown, R. Inch; Harlequin, W. Osmond; Pantaloon, W. Ash; Columbine, Misses Osmond and Barry. To conclude with a favourite Drama. Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Rogues.

SANGHERS' GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE. Facing the Houses of Parliament. THIS DAY and Every Day at 1.30 and 7, the Grand Christmas Pantomime, **LADY GODIVA**; or, Harlequin St. George and the Dragon. Glorious Triumph. There is but one opinion; the press, the public, and profession pronouncing the Palace of Elephants to be the greatest of all great exhibitions. N.B.—No indecent dressing.
The Pantomime will include all the Remarkable Events and Incidents of the Times. Box-office open daily from 10 to 4. Gallery, 6d.; Pit, 1s.; Dress Circle, 4s.; Private Boxes from £1 10s. to 5s. **TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY**, at 1.30 and 7.
Sole Proprietors, JOHN and GEORGE SANGER.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll-street,
Oxford-circus.—Last Representations of the popular Comic Pantomime, **VALENTINE AND ORSON**, Every Day and Evening until SATURDAY, FEB. 19. Varied skilful Scenes in the Arena by the celebrated Riders, Gymnasts, Vaulters, and Clowns. Pronounced by the Press and Public one of the most enjoyable entertainments in London.
Doors open for Morning Performances at 2, commencing at 2.30; Evenings at 7, commencing at 7.30. Prices, 4s., 3s., 2s., 1s.
Director and Proprietor, Mr. CHARLES HENGLER.

MDME. TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street.
PORTRAIT MODELS of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales M.W.G.M. of Freemasons of England, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, Emperor and Empress of Germany, King Alphonso XII., Victor Emmanuel, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Dr. Kenealy, M.P. Costly Court Dresses. The complete line of British Monarchs, and 300 portrait Models of Celebrities. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence. Extra Room, Sixpence. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily (except Sunday). Admission, 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; Children always 6d. The new Lion House containing six Lions, eight Tigers, three Pumas, two Jaguars, and two Leopards, is now open.

BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.—Now on View. SEA-LIONS, the only specimens ever brought to this country; Gigantic Turtle, from the Island of Ascension; large Octopods, English Sharks, Sea-Horses, Boar-Fish, Herring, Mackerel, Sterlet, from Russia; Telescope and Paradise Fish, from China; Red Char and Silver Char, Trout, Salmon, &c. G. REEVES SMITH, General Manager.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
Newly Decorated, and fitted with entirely New Scenery and Proscenium.
MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS,
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT;
and
EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE and EIGHT.
Doors open at 2.30 and 7 o'clock.
Private Boxes, £2 12s. 6d. and £1 11s. 6d.; Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s. Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.
No fees. No charge for Programmes.

ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL,
Regent-street.
MR. FREDERICK BURGESS
has the honour to announce that his
ELEVENTH ANNUAL BENEFIT
will take place on
TUESDAY NEXT, FEB. 8,
on which occasion
TWO SPECIAL PERFORMANCES
will be given; the First in the
AFTERNOON, AT THREE O'CLOCK,
the Second in the
EVENING, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.
AN ENTIRELY NEW AND MOST ATTRACTIVE MUSICAL PROGRAMME
will be presented, comprising
A New and Brilliant Selection from Auber's sparkling Opera
LE DOMINO NOIR
(Arranged by Mr. John Hobson).
"The Vintage Song," from Mendelssohn's "Lorely."
New Song, entitled "True Friends" (Words by Henry S. Leigh Esq.; Music by John Hobson).
New Song, for Mr. E. Bruce (Composed by Edward Land, Esq.), entitled "Each May Speak of the World as He Finds It."
New Ballad, "My darling's last smile," for Mr. Sydney Herbert (Words by Frederick Vokes, Esq.; Music by Operti).
New Apocryph Song, entitled "A Song of the Times" (Written by Charles J. Dunphie, Esq.), for Mr. Walter Howard.
Grand Duo from Rossini's Opera "Guillaume Tell."
New Songs for Messrs. W. Collinson and Norman.
The Orchestra will be materially increased on these occasions.
Fauteuils, 5s. Sofa Stalls, 3s. Balcony, 2s.
Area and Upper Gallery, 1s.
Doors open for the afternoon performance at 2, for the evening at 7 o'clock. Tickets and places may be secured at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, daily from 9 a.m. until 10 p.m. No charge for booking at this office.

MR. STREETER,
18, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.,
having completed extensive and important additions to the various machines used by him in the manufacture of
GOLD ORNAMENTS,
will supply, at greatly reduced prices for cash on delivery, the following articles:
18-CARAT GOLD WATCH-CHAINS,
For LADIES or GENTLEMEN, any Pattern, at
£4 5 per Ounce.
18-CARAT GOLD LOCKETS (PLAIN),
For One or Two Portraits, any Size, at
£5 per Ounce.
MR. STREETER
also calls attention to
THE ENGAGED RING,
Set with Diamond, Ruby, Emerald, or Sapphire,
FOR £5.

| RACING FIXTURES FOR FEBRUARY. | | | |
|-------------------------------|--------|-----------------------|--------|
| Birmingham Steeplechases..... | 8, 9 | Newbridge..... | 21 |
| La Marche..... | 13 | Doncaster Hunt..... | 21, 22 |
| Bromley First Spring..... | 15, 16 | Streatham..... | 22, 23 |
| Moreton-in-Marsh..... | 17 | Worcester Spring..... | 24, 25 |
| Croydon February..... | 17, 18 | Halverstown..... | 29 |
| Auteuil..... | 20, 27 | | |

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.
LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY, 5, 1876.
Circular Notes.

Mr. H. S. MARKS, A.R.A., has withdrawn his support from the *Artist*. The tone of that unique journal has not answered his expectations. The editor is "not aware of the exact value of Mr. Marks's support;" but he, nevertheless, gives him and such of his friends "as share in his sentiments full and entire liberty to do as they like." It is to be hoped that Mr. Marks appreciates the editor's surprising generosity. Considering the great pains taken by the latter to advertise the names of those eminent artists (Mr. Marks's amongst the number) who had given him their support, one may conclude that there was a period when he considered that support of some value. We wish the *Artist* every success. As it would appear from Mr. Marks's very natural protestation that men of his class cannot be expected to support the periodical, those who know nothing about art will greatly oblige us by conspiring to keep it alive. It is the most comic paper we know. Indeed, we attributed Mr. Marks's support of the *Artist* to his exquisite sense of humour.

The conductor of "Our Van," in *Baily*, notes the death of Prince de Vismes et de Pouthieu. In no unfriendly regard for the memory of poor "Old Calabar," we would ask, was he a Prince, after all? Some twelve or thirteen years ago, when he played cricket and wrote burlesques in Jersey—not bad ones, either—and, in spite of his then rather considerable bulk, he was an active and decidedly useful bat and field—in those days his title of Prince was generally regarded in the light of a joke.

It is inspiring to find a suburban paper which has not unfrequently ranged itself on the side of the Chadbands, speaking out "in good set terms" about Mother Stewart and her mission—as she is pleased to term it. Observes the *Islington Gazette*, "of the movement headed by Mother Stewart in America we can only say that it was the most mis-

chievous craze that ever obtruded itself into the considerations of well-intending people. Mother Stewart led what was called the women's whisky war, an agitation in which a band of hysterical women were guilty of most absurd follies in the name of teetotalism and religion. In their wild bigotry, and taking advantage of the loose laws of their country, they visited in a sort of terrorism the sins of a wide-spread system upon the heads of a few individuals. They trailed liberty of thought in the mud, and turned temperance advocacy into a system of persecution which in that country has done the temperance cause the greatest possible harm, and in this country would have been speedily cured by six months' hard labour. Mother Stewart and her followers went about the United States like a band of Shakers, howling and praying in drinking-saloons, and making themselves generally ridiculous, till even the little law of America was outraged, and her countrymen could endure her no longer." In a recent "oration" this lady said:—"She had headed processions against the drinking-saloons, and on one occasion she had seen so much wickedness going on that she could not forbear making a prayer to God to send His fire and blow the whole establishment up to the skies; and she did not know that she had much repented that prayer since." Her remarks were received with uproarious "laughter and cheers." How such a procession as she describes would be received by the police we are unable to say.

The recent decision of the Lord Chancellor with regard to the title "Reverend" is bearing curious fruit. At a Church Defence meeting, held at Ripon, the Rev. Mr. Berger (a Church-of-England clergyman) was afforded practical proof of what the Yorkshiremen of that town think of the title. "Quoting from Mr. Spurgeon to prove the inability of the Dissenters to sustain chapels in poor districts, he created a storm of interruption and cries of 'Reverend,' by omitting the prefix before that gentleman's name. Quoting further from the statements of the Dissenting ministers, the audience rigidly insisted upon the prefix going before the name of every one of them, and Mr. Berger was compelled to comply." The inhabitants of Ripon must, of course, be allowed to conduct their public meetings in their own rough way; but we would ask the zealous Spurgeons if it is not a fact that Mr. Spurgeon himself dropped the prefix "Reverend" from his name some years since?

The daily papers advertise a lecture by Sir John Bennett on "The Dutch and Their Doings." Is there not a typographical error, or rather a word wanting, in this line? Should it not read "Dutch Clocks and Their Goings?" We find in the *Daily News* another line that seems to be incomplete. It occurs in the official programme of the opening of Parliament. It runs thus:—

Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard.
The old stick.

We are perplexed. Who is the old stick? The Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard or the Captain of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms? And where did he gain his experience of the stage?

A correspondent sends us the following. What does it mean?

I spit upon the Queen and grime the Prince,
Because, however decent folk may wince,
I skulk secure from ire of Prince and Queen,
I am so far below them—and so mean.

Did Mr. Farnie write *Piff-Paff*? If he did we beseech him to do violence to his natural modesty and suffer his magical name to adorn the bill. The piece wants spurring to make it go, and the appearance on countless hoardings of his potent sign-manual might have the desired effect. Besides, once let his or any other similarly powerful name be emblazoned on the bill and purists, who have a wholesome detestation of the practice of gagging, would be spared the exhibition of those traps to catch a laugh which, in the hands of Miss Lydia Thompson and Mr. Lionel Brough, made *Blue Beard* so utterly ridiculous—and, at the same time, so very amusing. It is notorious that Mr. Farnie's pieces owe none of their success to the overflowing humour of the artists who play them. His "books" fairly reek with fun. The dullest dog of an actor who simply speaks the lines in the irresistible manner prescribed by the author becomes irresistible. We have often wondered why Mr. Farnie has not, long ere this, tried his fortune as a reader of his own opéra-bouffes. Anyhow, if he *did* write *Piff-Paff*, he ought to indorse the bill.

The humours of spelling bees arise on every hand. The *Free Press* and a contemporary have been belabouring each other in right sturdy fashion, the bone of contention—spelling. "But," observes the very *Free Press*, "perhaps before our friend again concerns himself about our spelling or mis-spelling, he will take the trouble to acquaint his readers as to how the match at bowls he announced came off; if the 'unfortunate man' is progressing who broke his arm a little below the knee; and if Harker is likely soon to begin to the Forth Bridge?" This entertaining quarrel ought to go on.

THE QUEEN AND CURLING.—We have much pleasure in printing the appended letter, which has been addressed to us, we presume, as an answer, and a satisfactory one, to our comment on the rumoured prohibition of curling at Balmoral:—

Rossie Priory, Inchture, Feb. 1, 1876.

My dear Ogilvy,—You and all curlers will, I am sure, be glad to hear that the statement in the public papers regarding her Majesty's opinion of curling is *entirely without foundation*. I felt sure, from the first, that this was the case, but had not authority till now to authenticate (*sic*) the statement.—Yours truly,
Sir John Ogilvy, Bart.

KINNAIRD.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SHEET ALMANACK, issued by Messrs. Armitage and Ibbetson, the Bradford lithographers, is a brilliant example of colour-printing, representing the Prince in his scarlet uniform as General, with an attractive background of Indian temples, howdah-elephant, badgerow, &c.

Music.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE programme of the last Saturday concert at the Crystal Palace was an exemplification of that leading characteristic of these concerts to which we have often referred. At every concert some novelty is produced; and the audience are safe from the infliction of listening to frequent repetitions of hackneyed pieces. For, there is this double advantage attached to the regular production of fresh music—that not only is the attention of the audience secured, but the repertoire grows larger and larger; so that Mr. Manns is able to avoid the frequent repetition even of admitted masterpieces, having enough of such pieces for at least three years' supply. The following selection was performed:—

| | |
|---|--------------|
| Overture, "Fingal's Cave"..... | Mendelssohn. |
| Scena and aria, "E dunque ver?"..... | Rubinstein. |
| Concerto, pianoforte (with orchestra). No. 3 in G major (op. 45)..... | Rubinstein. |
| Air, "Revenge, Timotheus cries" ("Alexander's Feast")..... | Handel. |
| Symphony in D (No. 2 of Salomon set)..... | Haydn. |
| Lied, "Du bist die Ruh"..... | Schubert. |
| Song, "Hark the lark"..... | Schubert. |
| Recit. and air, "Fù Dio che disse"..... | Apolloni. |
| Overture, "Les Francs Juges"..... | Berlioz. |

Of the nine pieces comprised in this selection three were entirely new to the Crystal Palace subscribers. The "scena and aria" by Rubinstein was an important work, and included two long recitatives and two arias. It is by no means suitable for concert purposes. Nevertheless, it displays many merits, among which dramatic expression deserves the first mention, and is distinctly original. Rubinstein is frequently claimed by the visionaries, who preach the "Music of the Future," as one of their party; but there is a wide difference between them. Rubinstein occasionally departs from ordinary forms when he has a distinct object to gain; but he habitually accomplishes within the legal limits of musical formulae whatever he seeks to do. In the concerto played on Saturday he makes some very slight deviations from customary methods; but the great bulk of the work is written in the orthodox manner, and in the vocal scena which immediately preceded it the prescriptive laws of music are faithfully obeyed. Rubinstein is also distinguished by clearness of purpose. He writes because he has something to say. His musical diction may not always be approved by purists, and on rare occasions his musical syntax may be open to condemnation; but there is no sign of feebleness or doubt. He is not compelled to conceal actual weakness by foggy transcendentalism; he is not disposed to imitate the musical cattle-fishes who shroud themselves from critical pursuit in clouds of misty theory. Having something to say (or believing so), he speaks intelligibly and plainly from his own standpoint, and finds the musical language of Bach, Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Weber, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn sufficiently copious and expressive. When Rubinstein forsakes this language and begins to employ "unknown tongues," it will be time enough to inquire whether the weight of his name is likely to belong to the party who preach the Music of the Future—a divertingly self-sufficient little party, sadly in want of respectable allies. The scena and the concerto performed on Saturday last do not belong to the highest order of music, but they exhibit qualities which encourage the belief that Rubinstein is capable of better things. He has lately written some important works, which await a hearing; and we cherish the hope that he may eventually be enlisted among our musical benefactors. The concerto was played by Mr. Oscar Beringer in admirable style. It was generally admitted by those judges who had heard the one previous performance of the work, when played by Herr von Bülow last year at a Philharmonic Concert, that Mr. Beringer's performance was much the finer of the two. As an executant he is, at least, equal to Herr von Bülow; and, as he devotes his energies to the task of illustrating the composer and never seeks to make his own personality obtrusive, the undivided attention which he gives to his task secures a good result. He was warmly applauded and honoured with an enthusiastic recall. The chief instrumental piece was Haydn's symphony in D, which, strange to say, had never previously been performed at these concerts. It was admirably played by the fine orchestra, and was heartily welcomed by the audience. The concert commenced with Mendelssohn's exquisite picturesque overture "Fingal's Cave," written after his visit to the Hebrides, and concluded with the "Francs Juges" overture by Berlioz. It is well to hear, from time to time, all styles of music; but the popularity of Berlioz is not likely to be promoted by the performance of such miserable stuff as this. The Francs Juges were secret societies which existed in the Middle Ages and inflicted punishments on rich and poor who might incur condemnation at their mysterious tribunals. What Berlioz proposed to himself in constructing this overture it would be difficult to imagine, for it is "a mighty maze (of notes) without a plan." Abrupt changes of key, the frequent blate of the brass wind instruments, relieved by the clanging and crash of cymbals, may be calculated to inspire terror—which is an element of the sublime—but, when too obstinately prolonged, are apt to suggest the ridiculous; and, as a matter of fact, this overture exemplifies the latter quality more completely than any other orchestral composition with which we are at present acquainted.

The vocalists were Miss Sophie Löwe, who sang the Rubinstein scena, and two songs by Schubert; and Signor Foli, who sang in grand style Handel's "Revenge, Timotheus cries," and an Italian aria by Apolloni. At to-day's concert Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony will be performed, and the vocalists will be Miss Blanche Cole, Mrs. Patey, Mr. Guy, and the Crystal Palace Choir. It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Manns conducted, on Saturday last, in admirable style.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

At last Monday's concert the following selection was performed:—

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| PART I. | |
| Quartet in D major (op. 44, No. 1), two violins, viola, and violoncello..... | Mendelssohn. |
| Song, "My heart ever faithful"..... | Bach. |
| Toccata and Fugue, in G minor, pianoforte..... | Bach. |
| PART II. | |
| Sextet, in F sharp minor, op. 8, pianoforte, two violins, viola, violoncello, and double bass..... | Bennett. |
| Songs: "A Spring Song"..... | C. H. H. Parry. |
| "Hark, hark, the lark"..... | Schubert. |
| Introduction and Polonaise, pianoforte and violoncello..... | Chopin. |

The novelties were Bach's "toccata and fugue," which received ample justice at the hands of Mdlle. Marie Krebs, who has few equals as a classical pianiste; and Sterndale Bennett's sextet, which was played by the same accomplished artiste, in conjunction with MM. Straus, Ries, Zerbini, Piatti, and Reynolds. Of the four movements comprised in the work all are delightful, but the final allegro is positively delicious. It was splendidly played (by Mdlle. Krebs especially), and the sextet will be a welcome feature in future programmes.

THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

We are happy to announce that Mr. Carl Rosa will open the Lyceum Theatre this year for an eleven weeks' season of English Opera. Several important novelties, including an English version of Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*, will be presented.

The spring provincial tour of the Carl Rosa Opera Company will commence on March 11, among the first towns to be visited being Manchester, Liverpool, Hanley, Sheffield, Bradford, Edinburgh, Carlisle, Newcastle, and Birmingham.

Court and Parliament.

ON Tuesday next the Queen, accompanied by the Princess of Wales and Princess Beatrice, will proceed in state from Buckingham Palace to the Palace of Westminster to open the Session of Parliament with a Speech from the Throne.

The forthcoming marriage of Princess Beatrice was referred to by Sir Henry Peek, Bart., M.P., at the annual meeting of the Sutton Conservative Association last Wednesday night. Sir Henry stated that he was informed, and he believed it was no secret, that her Royal Highness is engaged to be married to Prince Louis of Battenberg, R.N., who is now in India with the Prince of Wales; and Parliament will be asked to grant the Princess a dowry corresponding to those which have been so freely given by the nation to her Royal sisters.

The Right Hon. the Prime Minister has sent out cards for a full-dress Parliamentary dinner on Monday next at his official residence in Downing-street.

The Duke of Richmond has issued invitations for a Parliamentary dinner on Monday next at his residence on Carlton House-terrace.

Earl Granville, as leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords, will likewise give a Parliamentary dinner on Monday night next.

The Marquis of Hartington, as leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, will give a dinner to his principal supporters, on Monday evening next, at Devonshire House.

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., arrived in Carlton-gardens, on Wednesday evening, from Hawarden Castle.

The statue of Lord Palmerston, lately erected in the northern plot of ground in Parliament-square, was unveiled, without ceremony of any kind, on Wednesday last.

The marriage of Lady Elizabeth Grosvenor and the Marquis of Ormonde was celebrated at Aldford church, Cheshire, on Wednesday last, with a full choral service, performed by the choir of Chester Cathedral. The bridesmaids were Ladies Beatrice and Margaret Grosvenor and Ladies Mary and Blanche Butler (sisters of the bride and bridegroom). The bride was given away by her father, the Duke of Westminster.

A WINGLESS FAIRY.

I SEE her sitting at the wings,
While someone pirouettes and sings
She listens for her call;
With wand all ready for a start,
She's waiting to rehearse her part—
A fairy at a ball.

A fairy in the realms of bliss,
But now a kind of chrysalis,
An undeveloped elf.
To-night she'll don her wings and fly
To find, we'll dare to prophesy,
None fairer than herself.

She's but a child for such a life,
To know the care, the toil and strife
Yon mimic world that stir.
She knows what disillusion means;
The glamour of "behind the scenes"
Has long been past for her.

To-night, when ope the Fairy Realms,
And shout applause overwhelms
The manager with joy;
'Mid all the merry children there
Not hers the mirthful hour to share
Of happy girl and boy.

When yon bright cloudland is reveal'd,
She'll sit with heart that's scarcely steel'd
Against the dangers near;
And, though 'tis not a fairy's part,
Perchance an aching little heart
May cause a tiny tear.

So when the curtain they upraise
Upon the whirling dance of fays
In flashing fairy rings,
One kindly thought for her we ask
Who goes so bravely through her task—
Our Fairy without wings!

SAVILLE CLARKE.

THE FUNERAL OF FREDERICK LEMAÎTRE took place on Saturday last (not on Sunday, as inadvertently stated in the memoir on another page). A large crowd collected in the neighbourhood of the residence of the deceased, Rue de Bondy, and the precincts of the church of the Rue des Marnis-Saint-Martin. The procession quitted the house at a quarter past twelve, the hearse being followed by five mourning coaches. The cords of the pall were held by M. Victor Hugo, Baron Taylor, M. Castelar, and M. Duquesnel; whilst the sons of the deceased headed the mourners. The mass being performed in music, M. Faure chanted "Pie Jesu," and MM. Bosquin, Gailhard, and Caron also lent their aid; the solemnity being conducted before a crowded congregation. At the close the remains were taken to the Montmartre Cemetery, where M. Victor Hugo, M. Ferdinand Dugué, and M. Dumaine delivered addresses over the tomb, and M. Monnet-Sully recited a piece of verses. A crowd of literary and artistic celebrities accompanied the remains to their last resting-place, and among them the Marquis de Chennevières, Director of Fine Arts, MM. Dumas, Sardou, Halauzier, Rossi, Doucet, Perrin, Carvalho, and Dentu.

FLORILINE.—For the Teeth and Breath. Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world. It thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalcules," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per bottle. The Fragrant Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach, or tobacco smoke, being partly composed of h.ney, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants. It is perfectly harmless and delicious as sherry. Prepared by Henry C. Gailup, 430, Oxford-street, London. Retailled everywhere.—[ADVT.]

Our Captious Critic.

THERE is a species of dramatic play which has for years been so much my favourite diversion that I have almost believed nothing could disenchant me of it. I mean that rare old abduction-and-murder sort of melodrama which I have been in the habit of going to witness at certain transpontine theatres and divers of the sort called "gaffs" in the Far East.



Unhappily, I have undergone (owing to a visit to the Olympic Theatre) a strange revulsion, that is like to rob me of all interest in this cherished amusement.

And why it should be so I cannot in the least make out. That is the strangest part of it; for *Clytie* fulfills all those requirements and embraces all those well-known and beloved features which have ever endeared to me the refined romances of Whitechapel and the New-cut. *Clytie* possesses a virtuous heroine, who lives in the country and boasts two lovers—one of them a good young man, and the other a villain double-dyed. The villain attempts, at first by artful ways and afterwards by violence, to seduce (in his own chambers in the Albany) the virtuous heroine, "jist as I've seed it heaps of times at the 'Wic'"—but, somehow, my blood was not stirred, I did not experience those strange thrills of excitement which have always attended this moving incident upon its native stage. Yet was it no whit worse acted in its western abode. *Clytie* contains the comic countryman in



Mr. Voltaire as "Clytie"

a check suit, such as they invariably wear in country parts, who puts his hands on his knees and howls "hee-haw-haw-haw" in reply to the simple remarks of the tall flunkey in livery, who receives him with scorn at my Lord's mansion in town. Only one familiar detail was omitted by the countryman, he did not sit down on an ordinary spring-bottomed chair, recoil in terror when he found it yield, try it again, remark that it was nice, and then keep bobbing up and down upon it for five minutes with mouth agape. Perhaps it was because I missed this trifling but extremely funny bit of business that I did not laugh uproariously at the comic countryman the way I always do roar when I meet him at the Victoria. *Clytie* also contains the aged but bald-headed grandfather, whose sole wealth is his honest name, and who, without inquiring into facts, thrusts his innocent granddaughter



Miss Louisa Howard as "Clytie"

out of doors, going nigh remarking that she is no better than she should be. Yet although he tottered and held his trembling hands aloft, and looked the picture of irate imbecility, as he is wont to look, I did not feel my accustomed pangs of mixed pity for the cruel situation of the wronged girl and her unjustly agonised grandpapa. *Clytie* likewise contains the "family solicitor" of my Lord—the good lawyer who, in spite of his superior knowledge of law, always gets his noble client's affairs into a mess, and, simply because he is good, seems constantly to be at the mercy of every unprincipled scoundrel with whom he is brought in contact. He was much the same as usual, but I yawned over his dignified explanations, to which I have ever been accustomed to listen with respectful attention. Also, as one of the central figures,



Miss Bessie Baker as "Clytie"

Clytie presents us with my Lord himself, who appears in the first scene as a student who is the true lover of the heroine, and drops down out of the sky, as it were, just in time to rescue her from the clutches of the villain. My Lord was as noble-looking as I have ever seen him over the water; nevertheless, somehow he failed to impress me. Furthermore, *Clytie* contains the dirty-faced servant gal, who, for all her dirt, is as honest and true a girl at heart—and one who wouldn't do a dirty action, no, not for untold gold—as ever you see. Now, although her sooty features were not less eccentric than usual, I could not greet her with that hearty and spontaneous appreciation which elsewhere she has never failed to elicit from me. *Clytie*, moreover, possesses the "beak" at Bow-street Police Court. Of him I did not take the slightest notice; I never do unless when he engages in a funny altercation with Slippery Dick or some



Miss Hodson as "Clytie"

other "rorty pal" who treats him to back-slang. The bad lawyer in *Clytie* did, I must say, slightly vary the general monotony of the piece by bearing an extraordinary resemblance (especially about his high collar) to an advocate who is not unknown at Bow-street. *Clytie* herself is the familiar heroine who, being driven to flight by persecution, reappears in the last act with chalked face, leaning upon her faithful nurse, and hearing the angels call her to her long, long home. This always causes me to shed tears when I see it at the East-End. At the Olympic I sate dry-eyed and



Mr. Odell as "Clytie"

irresponsive. *Clytie* also possesses the artless, yet precocious, child, whose innocent prattle all unconsciously adds a fresh pang to the mother's heart—with misery o'er-fraught—(I shall soon be able to write that sort of thing myself). His innocent prattle on this occasion did not move me. In conclusion, above all *Clytie* contains, in the way of dialogue, all those fine speeches, all those movingly-written adjurations which seem to be the peculiar perquisite of East-End dramatists and London Journal romancers. It possesses the refinement of style, too, which is so characteristic of these writers. Yet somehow it does not quite come up to their mark of complete excellence. Somewhere it is wanting. If I might hazard an opinion I should suggest that it fails in point of dramatic construction. It is true that the lapse of seventeen years between the first and second acts is a device sufficiently countenanced by the dramatists of the "gaff" to render it as classic as the unities of Aristotle. Nevertheless, had I been the author of *Clytie*, I must say I should in this respect have ventured to dissent from the practice of the great Eastern masters—the schools of the Grecian and the Victorian.

Still, I think, if the author of *Clytie* were to hand over his drama to some experienced East-End dramatist, it might be converted into a very tolerable melodrama.

A word in regard to the actors. Mr. Odell, as Silas Cuffing, is the most noteworthy. He abandons himself to the style of the piece, exaggerates his costume, takes snuff expressively, and is altogether a very repulsively-amusing figure.

Next to him is, undoubtedly, Miss Louisa Howard, who plays Mary Wilding. This lady possesses intelligence and the faculty of first conceiving her part and afterwards steadily and effectively working out her conception.



Mr. Nelson as "Clytie"

Mr. Alfred Nelson is the out-and-out melodramatic villain. He is entirely worthy of the piece, and the only one in the company admirably suited to it. Can I praise him more?

The lady who played *Clytie* was rather lachrymose. The part, however, is of that nature. Miss Bessie Baker, the little girl who plays the part of the Hon. Percy Weardale, is bright, intelligent, and speaks out. As Sarah Kidgers Miss Annie Taylor shows ability. But, in spite of this array of talent, *Clytie* is not exhilarating.

I went to see Miss Nelson play *Rosalind* in *As You Like It*. Though her performance of this character lacks some of the most prominent faults which disfigure her Juliet, it is not so good. She has not a fixed conception of the character, and she converts it into a sort of poetical Lady Gay Spanker. She

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flowering plants, the tout ensemble having a very charming effect. The *dramatis personæ* were as follows:—

"WHO SPEAKS FIRST?"

| | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Captain Charles | Lieut.-Colonel Drury Lowe. |
| Ernest Militant | Earl of Yarmouth. |
| Potter | Hon. S. Ponsonby-Fane. |
| Mrs. Ernest Militant | Hon. Mrs. Ferguson of Pitfour. |
| Smart | Countess of Yarmouth. |

A PROVERB.

| | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Captain Delancy | Lieut.-Colonel Drury Lowe. |
| Major Beaumont | Captain Dashwood. |
| Mrs. Crossthwaite (a widow) .. | Marchioness of Hertford. |
| Blanche Lumley (her niece) .. | Lady Mary Dashwood. |
| Pinner | Hon. Mrs. Ferguson. |

"TEARS."

| | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| Gerald Vivian | Hon. S. Ponsonby-Fane. |
| Sir Francis Ainslie | Mr. H. D. Erskine. |
| Jean (a waiter) | Hon. Rupert Leigh. |
| Mrs. Vivian | Miss Constance Ponsonby. |
| Lady Ainslie | Lady Georgiana Seymour. |
| Stage Manager | Hon. S. Ponsonby-Fane. |
| Prompter | Mr. E. F. S. Pigott. |

Most of the leading families of the neighbourhood were represented; and among the audience were the Earl and Countess of Warwick, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, the Hon. S. Ponsonby-Fane and Mrs. and Miss Ponsonby-Fane, Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Ferguson, the Hon. Rupert Leigh, Mr. and Mrs. Lucy, Major and Mrs. Paulet, Colonel Drury Lowe, Captain and Lady Mary Dashwood, Mr. H. D. Erskine of Cardross, Mr. E. Pigott, the Earl and Countess of Yarmouth, Mrs. and Lady Catherine Berkeley (Spetchley), Misses and Mr. Berkeley, Mr. and Lady Georgiana Vernon, Sir William Throckmorton, Bart., and Miss Throckmorton, the Hon. A. Rushout, Sir Robert Hamilton, Bart., and party, Mrs. Anson, Lady Emily and the Misses Harding, Mr. T. E. Walker, M.P., and Mrs. Walker, Captain and Mrs. Gerard, Miss Mordaunt, and Mrs. and Miss West. The characters were sustained, without exception, in a very able and efficient manner, proving how well each part had been studied; and all met with hearty applause, especially the stage manager, the Hon. S. Ponsonby-Fane, whose directions and able advice went far to ensure the success of the performance.

THE NEW THEATRE ROYAL, EDINBURGH.

The new house, which has been built on the site of the old Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, was opened, on Thursday night, Jan. 27, by Mr. J. B. Howard, with Boucicault's Irish drama, *The Shaughraun*, Mr. H. O'Grady sustaining the part of Conn, and Mr. T. Nerney that of Harvey Duff, which Mr. Sheil Barry enacted with so much dramatic power in London; and Claire and Arte O'Neale being represented respectively by Miss Rose Massey and Miss Louise Pereira. Prior to the drama the National Anthem was sung, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard delivered an appropriate address, written by Mr. W. H. Logan. We quote the most salient passages in the opening address:—

Mr. H.—'Twas in a play of Boucicault's I came,
Ten years ago your suffrages to claim,
And strange it is as Manager I bow,
Under the same auspicious influence now. (Applause.)

As manager, I have a double care—
But here comes one who seeks my toil to share.

(Leads on Mrs. Howard, amid general applause.)

Mrs. H.—Overwhelmed with mingled gratitude and pride,
I bid you welcome to our ain fireside.
On entering these new premises, 'twas clear,
We must conform to social customs here,
So we invited you, our friends, to render,
To this, our house-warming, becoming splendour,
And we are pleased to see in their old places
So great a show of kind familiar faces. (Applause.)

Mr. H.—That phrase "house-warming" grates upon mine ear;
Methinks we've had enough house-warming here. (A laugh.)
In jest I speak not, for I've no desire
To strike one spark of fun out of the recent fire;
It was no joke, as some know to their cost,
The only blessing was—no lives were lost.
On our new house, you see we've spared no pains;
Of the old edifice not much remains,
Our architect, who safety had in view,
Razed the old walls before he raised the new.
He left no stone unturned, you may feel sure,
Anxious your perfect comfort to secure. (Applause.)

To the old Theatre, backed up by the press,
How many favourite actors owe success!—
Foremost of these are Siddons, Irving, Toole,
All trained with care in that dramatic school
(Loud and prolonged cheering.)

To these I'd add—if no dissentient's by—
Our very humble selves—my spouse and I.
On taking now the reins of management,
We trust the novelties we shall present
Will meet the warm approval, friends, of you,
Filling our houses and our coffers too. (Applause.)

Mrs. H.—Of course we'll reproduce "Rob Roy?"

Mr. H.—Ay, surely,
With Bailie Jarvie by your auld friend Gourlay. (Applause.)

Shakspeare won't now pass muster anywhere.
We're told that Drury Lane he will not do in,
"Byron means bankruptcy and Shakspeare ruin,"
And yet despite those warnings we confess
We think in Shakspeare there still lies success.
At least we mean to test the feeling here
By the production of one play each year.

We learn from the *Scotsman* that the act-drop, presenting a view of Florence from Miniato, attracted general admiration, and that early in the evening Mr. Phipps, the architect of the theatre, was called to receive the plaudits due to his successful exertions.

MUSIC-HALL CENSORSHIP.—At a recent special session of the Bolton magistrates for the hearing of applications for music licenses, all were renewed; but in respect to two the following conditions were attached:—"That on each Monday morning the applicant send, under his signature, to the clerk to the justices or present to the court the programme of songs, with words and music and performances to be played, sung, or performed during the ensuing week at his house, and that he do adhere to such programme." The proprietor of one of the halls asked what they should do in case of an encore. The Mayor replied that some piece must be given which had been previously approved of.

OPENING OF THE SALMON-FISHING.—The fence time for salmon in England and Wales closed on Tuesday night, and fishing was resumed on Wednesday in most of the salmon rivers with fair success, as far as we can learn.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as Keating's Cough Lozenges, which are sold by all Chemists, in Boxes, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.—N.B. They contain no opium or preparation thereof.—[ADVT.]

Canine Notes.

WOLVERHAMPTON DOG SHOW.

A most successful and enjoyable show of dogs and poultry was held at Wolverhampton on Friday, Saturday, and Monday last. The entries were above the average, both in numbers and quality, and the arrangements were of a highly satisfactory description. Class 1—Champion Pointer dogs—contained several good specimens, and the judges experienced some little difficulty in arriving at a decision; eventually, however, they placed Mr. Price's Snapshot, a great raking lemon-and-white dog, first, awarding an H.C. to Mr. Whitehouse's Cedric. With this award it is hard to differ, as both are so good; but we rather incline to the belief that Cedric was the popular fancy upon this occasion. Mr. Price was also first in the champion bitch class with Mabel, a nicish lemon-and-white, but rather lacking in depth of chest. Pearl, V.H.C., was, in our opinion, far superior to the winner in quality; and, though quite in the rough, showed well. A V.H.C. was also given to Walker's Helen, why it is impossible to say, for, as we said of her at Hull, she has cankered deformed ears, and sores on her feet, which we should have presumed would prevent her from being the recipient of such a distinction. Mr. Bishop's Pluto, too high in the skull and too flat on his feet, took first in the open dog class; Mr. Mansfield's Don being second—this dog is rather wide in the skull and carries his ears badly. The third prize dog, Mr. Whitehouse's Tick, is but a puppy, and promises to be very good. Mr. Bartram showed an extremely nice young dog in Pero, a little on the small side, but all quality. Mr. Whitehouse's Lady Blanche, aged ten months, first in the bitch class, is very nice indeed, possessing a beautiful head, deep chest, and very good feet. Second, Mr. Naylor's Meg, has rather too much leather about her head, but is a nice bitch. Mr. Price was third and H.C. with Peg and Mrs. James Pender respectively; the former deserved her position, as she looks a workman, but the latter appeared bulky, having a short neck and heavy front. Mr. Jones's Rap won easily in the champion setter dog class, whilst in the corresponding class for bitches the prize was given to Mr. Llewellyn's Princess, a very beautiful bitch, quality all over. This class was one of the best we have ever seen, everyone of the competitors getting at least H.C. Mr. Llewellyn also was first in the open dog class with Remus, a nice young dog. Mr. Bishop's Brackley was second, and Mr. Clarke's Don third; however, Duke, V.H.C., appeared better than either of them. Rival, a beautiful white bitch, took first and the cup in the setter bitch division, a very nice bitch called Bijou, the property of Mr. Brandreth, going second. Duchess, third prize, was coarse in the head; but there was nothing better than she behind her. Toby took the champion retriever prize in the class for dogs, and X L was in the same position in the bitch class. There was nothing startling in the open class for curly-coated dogs; but there was a very good one in the bitch class in the person of Mr. Staples-Brown's Polly, second prize Alexandra Palace. However, this bitch has the misfortune to possess two teeth in her lower jaw which project slightly beyond the corresponding teeth in her upper jaw: this the judges called being "underhung," and pretty Polly was placed on one side. Whether the fact of a retriever being slightly underhung would disqualify her in the show-ring or not is a matter of opinion; but we should say not, and in this view of the case we are supported by one of the best retriever judges living, who was present at the show, and who indignantly drew our attention to the harsh treatment Mr. Staples-Brown's bitch received. With this gentleman we examined Polly's mouth, and endeavoured to force a piece of straw down between the lower and upper teeth. This we failed to do, and must therefore leave our readers to form their opinion as to whether Polly was or was not underhung. Mr. Britton, the genial host of the Star and Garter Hotel, took first in the open class for wavy-coated dogs with Turk, and also the cup for the best retriever. The latter decision was as popular as it was merited, the Wolverhampton people being delighted at the cup going to a local dog, the property of such an apparently very popular gentleman. The any-bitch class was very poor. Deerhounds were weak, very weak, the only prize awarded going to Mr. Ray's Hector. Champion spaniels were better, Miss Fletcher's Irish spaniel, Sailor, beating the blacks, Beaver and Buccleugh, and taking the prize. Rhea was alone in the bitch class; she is too well known to need description. In the open class for spaniel dogs Miss Fletcher was first with her Sweep, a dog very high on the leg, and unworthy of his place in the class. After him came Mr. Handy's good-looking black, Saxon, a dog superior in every point to the winner. Mr. Samuel Morley showed a fair clumber in Rattler, which, though he is a little high on the leg, is a more taking dog than Victor, placed third. A wonderfully good puppy, called Duchess III., the property of Mr. Brandreth, took first in the spaniel bitch class, Miss Fletcher being second and third with Ruth and Flora. The latter is rather too woolly in the coat for a dog of her class. Buffet (shown in the name of Mrs. Shepherd), of course, easily won the champion prize for fox-terrier dogs. The competition in the bitch class, however, was, on the other hand, very severe. Mr. Gibson had the three cracks, Lille, Spink, and Nell, before him for a long time ere he could arrive at a decision. Nell was the first to go, her large ears doubtless contributing to her fate, and then the battle began in earnest between Lille and Spink. After a hard fight, Mr. Gibson decided in favour of the latter, and awarded the champion prize. We understand that he suggested to the committee that a special prize should be given to Lille, but that they declined to do so. If the above was the case, we beg to thank them for the firmness they showed in adhering to their schedule of prizes; for when one sees such inconsistency in awarding prizes (the same judges commending half a dozen different types in the same class) we are compelled to fall back upon the champion classes—where only one prize can be given—to find out what their opinions really are. The open and puppy classes were fairly well filled, the first-prize dog being Mr. Herbert Peel's Bounce, a giant weighing 23½lb without his chain or collar, far too big for a dog of his breed. Scrap, placed second, showed a heap of burl in his head, and was far inferior to Saxon, winner of the third prize. Amongst the unnoticed bitches was a very nice one called Venus, the property of Mr. Foreman. She certainly carried one ear up a little whilst on the bench, but off it the blemish disappeared.

Mr. Boyce's Tarquin was first in the class for bull-terriers, 18½lb weight; the third prize, King, was a remarkably fine dog, and will win in the highest company, in spite of the patch over one eye. Mr. Jodfree's Napper took the prize in the small class, Dick being second, and Rose, the Birmingham winner, third; this class was but a poor one. Next came the bulldogs, twenty-four in number, and a very mixed lot they were; first prize went to Mr. W. Parrott's Cluquot, a dog that grows a good deal upon one, and which we liked better than we did at Birmingham; second prize went to Mr. Mill's Tumbler, a dog we won't stand at any price: he is a great, coarse, long-headed dog, weighing some 65½lb, and decidedly narrow in the chest for a dog of his stature. Mr.

Vero Shaw was third with Saul, and H.C. with Sepoy and Sixpence. Mr. Boissier's Spring, Mr. Cutler's Crowbar, late Acrobat, and Mr. Guy's Cure all took V.H.C. Spring is very like the dog that took second prize, only a little longer in the head and face, points that will soon come to be sought after by bull-dog breeders, if animals so formed are selected by judges for special honours, as in the present instance. Cure is a nice-looking dog, but rather down-faced. Crowbar was simply disgraced by the company he found himself in; for, despite his small eyes and rather mean front, he is as far above his brother V.C.H.'s as the cross of St. Paul's is above the churchyard. The same owner's Cerberus, a plain dog, got H.C., which was more than he deserved; and then—a change came o'er the spirit of the judges! Up to this time they had stuck with tolerable consistency to large-sized dogs, of course at the same time indicating their independence and impartiality by selecting specimens from various types; but now, influenced, no doubt, by a laudable desire to give every variety in the show a turn, they selected an animal of the name of Beauty (*sic*) as the creature to be operated on, and gave her an H.C. This was a happy selection, for Beauty (*sic*) appears to combine the properties of several known breeds of dogs with those of several more unknown breeds. She is of a red colour, and is level mouthed, with a paralysed tongue lolling out of it. She has a long back and a long tail, with a hook just like a dachshund's, and is altogether about the last animal we should expect to pin a bull; in fact, she is eminently qualified for a place in the next consignment sent to India or the colonies, as her style will never be properly appreciated in this country, we fear. Lamphier won the puppy prize with his Thunder, one of the Nottingham disqualified puppies. Mr. Harding Cox objected to it, and it was again disqualified. Mr. Cox thereupon taking the medal with his grand young dog Bill Sykes. We understand Lamphier means taking steps in the matter. Comment on the affair may, therefore, be postponed. The Colleys were fair; and if the winner, Scot, had been out of it, would have been well judged, as he is decidedly inferior to Fan, second, Bruce, third, and Ross, V.H.C.

The mastiff judging we cannot agree with either, for Scawfell is better than Tiger in every point except his tail. The variety class contained several good dogs, notably Mr. Southwell's Czar, a grand specimen of the Russian retriever. The lady's prize was won by Miss Fletcher's Sailor, though, to our mind, Buffet is more the style of animal a lady would prefer however, as only one judge officiated in delivering this award; (why was that?), and as he is not a fox-terrier man, we suppose Buffet's indisputably high claims were unnoticed by him. The principle of the "lady's prize" at Wolverhampton is a bad one, as it is a direct encouragement to that most abominable of systems—borrowing dogs for competition—an evil which, if the generous donors knew as much of as we do, we are positive they would never promote in any way. And now we must conclude our notice of a most successful show by expressing our sincere thanks to Mr. Alfred Giles, the courteous and able secretary, and to those gentlemen under him who, whilst strictly adhering to their respective departments and duties, evinced the utmost desire to render their visitors every service in their power—the courtesy of these gentlemen being all the more appreciated by those present from the recollection of the treatment they experienced at a recent show at a neighbouring city. Before we close we must allude to the careful way in which the manager, Mr. George Hellewell looked after his charges, and to the excellent sanitary arrangements he made.

MAN'S UNSELFISH FRIEND.

The Newfoundland dog is the best specimen we could give, perhaps, of "Man's Unselfish Friend." A "crack" dog of this breed should be about twenty-seven to thirty inches high, and of a pure black colour, any mixture of white detracting from his merits. Those who remember Mr. Robinson's Carlo, which took the first prize at Birmingham in 1864, will most probably have recognised in him the true type of a Newfoundland dog.

The head should be large, long and square at the nose, and nicely flewed. There should be breadth across the eyes, which ought to be clear and bright, and beaming with intelligence. The neck of the Newfoundland should be strong and muscular, the chest wide and deep, the back broad and thighs wide, while the legs should be short and yet large. The coat should be glossy, and without much wave in it. This species of dog is remarkable for its retentive memory. Youatt, the naturalist, mentions a dog which knew him after five years' absence, and left its owner to protect him from a couple of footpads. A former Lord Granville had a dog which swam ashore from a wrecked vessel near Newcastle, carrying the captain's pocket-book in his mouth. There are numerous other instances on record of the extraordinary sagacity and tenderness of this dog. Within "our own ken," we have seen a Newfoundland sleep night after night in front of a fire with a bantam perched on his back and a kitten sleeping between his huge paws. This dog would always share his food with his quondam associates, and watched over their welfare with great solicitude. A very good breed of sheep-dog has been "invented" by crossing the Newfoundland and the colley. A well-known dog-breeder and judge at dog-shows has much improved his breed of retrievers by crossing with the Newfoundland, yet there is no one more "down" on animals of the retriever breed, belonging to other people, exhibiting traces of the Newfoundland than the said breeder and dog-show judge. This cross is now very popular amongst lovers of the gun, as it gives a great increase of intelligence to strains of retrievers which may have become stunted alike in intellect and stature by breeding "in and in."

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN AS A FORESTER.—On Monday evening the Marquis of Hertford honoured Court Earl Yarmouth, No. 6029, which was held at the Swan Hotel, Alcester, by being initiated an honorary member. His Lordship, on leaving, invited the whole of the members to a concert in the Corn Exchange, under his patronage, which invitation was heartily accepted.

THE MOORS.—The partridge and pheasant shooting season closed in Perthshire on Tuesday. The sport, generally speaking, has been good—fully equal to that of average years. The late harvest was followed by heavy rains, which fell no fewer than twenty-four days in October; but the weather was more favourable for shooting during November and in the early part of December. On almost all the estates of the county large bags of partridges, pheasants, and hares were secured. Partridges especially were found unusually abundant and in excellent condition. On several estates in Strathearn the number of birds bagged ranged from 600 to 1000 head. Capercaillie were shot in large numbers in the fine woods of the county, and woodcock were found unusually plentiful on the estates stretching from Lochearnside to Dupplin. Mountain hares have for a series of years been gradually disappearing from the Perthshire hills, and this season the shooting has been almost a blank. The stock of grouse on the moors appears to be pretty large, and the birds everywhere are reported to be healthy and strong.—*Scotsman*.



ARMADA.

MARGERY DAW.

CRINON.

MARTINIQUE.
JOCOSA.

BELGRAVIAN MOTHERS.

CIRCE.



LE CHIFFONIER. RUY BLAS. ROBERT MACAIRE. KEAN. LE VIEUX CAPORAL. DON CESAR DE BAZAN. GENNARO (LUCRECE BORGIA). TRENTE ANS, OU LA VIE D'UN JOUEUR.
THE LATE FRÉDÉRIC LEMAÎTRE IN HIS PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

MIDDLE PARK.

THE fusillade of fog-signals intermingled with the screeching of steam-whistles (which would have done credit to the midnight meetings of engines at Doncaster during race time) had ceased their discordant notes of danger ere we "hove to," at Blackheath, en route for our destination as above. Starlings whistled merrily as they sunned sheeny wings on the summits of avenue elms, and already the sable Parliament of rooks had opened its session, and was gathered in council around dilapidated nests of last year in solemn committee of ways and means as to repair. A group of mares, just turned out for the day, stood clustered round the gates, looking supremely bored at the prospect of an afternoon's enlargement with nothing particular to do, except to roll in the mud or to crop a tasteless blade here and there by way of make-believe. Scarcely four years have passed away since we witnessed the dispersion of the most magnificent stud in the world, and thought to revisit the well-known shades of Middle Park no more as chroniclers of its yearling attractions. By slow degrees it has waxed in numbers and importance since the days of supposed disestablishment, and though it cannot show so strong a hand as during the reign of Blair Athol and his mighty brotherhood of sires over ten score of nursing mothers, yet of the latter more than a century are scattered about those many-acred pastures, and the stallion-boxes hold a goodly show of fathers of the stud. Still the Middle Park Saturday in June is one of the first days noted in the sportsman's calendar as a festival he would fain keep under its elms, and "old times" are recalled by the annually increasing roll-call of the yearling division. Eltham will once more "top" all its rivals in 1876, when three score of her representatives are destined to face the fateful hammer in the leafy month.

Our Leybourne recollections of the handsome Rosicrucian bring before us a splendid savage, a veritable Ishmael among horses, with his mouth and feet against every man, glaring wrathfully round at us from the corner of his ample domains. That was his first year of service, when training influences had been scarcely forgotten, and his temperament knew none of that soft control which has rendered him "quite the Christian," as a well-known Northern character was wont to say of his stallion charge. Always rather inclined to be light, "Rosi" has arrived from Blankney looking as if he had been in preparation for another bout of training rather than for labours at the stud. Still such a state of rough health is better by far than the gross, oily, and pampered condition which the presence of much rich food in the manger and absence of healthy exercise are apt to engender. The lines of beauty are no less marked than in the days of his youth, and he is sprightly and elegant as ever. Though resentful of the least liberty taken in harshness of word or deed, there is no better-dispositioned animal when judiciously managed; and there is none of that fiery, imperious style of ordering visitors out of his box which too surely bespeaks carelessness or cruelty on the part of attendants. His stock, of which we shall presently speak, fully confirms our confidently expressed expectations of his excellence in this department, and their only drawback, want of size, is not nearly so apparent as among his earlier efforts. His qualities as a foal-getter are quite of the first order, as Messrs. Weatherby's returns will duly testify, and he has only to sustain an auspiciously commenced reputation during the ensuing season to justify his enrolment among the select few which private reputation or public performance have elevated to the ranks of the "century-ions."

It would be difficult to name two more widely different types of Newminster horses than Vespasian and Victorious. The former is rather a short horse on a high leg, with a Stockwell head, and lightish neck, inclined to be arched; great bone and substance throughout, of a fine rich bay colour, and altogether a very showy gentleman, with a deal of "go" about him. He turns his toes out a trifle, and has remarkably long, elastic pasterns, something like those of Kettledrum, but not quite so exaggerated in length. The brown Victorious, on the other hand, is far more like the style of horse which Newminster generally got, long and low, on short legs, with a neat and intelligent head, but neck rendered top-heavy by a marvellously developed crest, rising in a continuously curved line from his withers. He has fair bone, without one atom of coarseness in his frame, but his hocks are not all that can be desired, and candour compels us to state that most of his stock are cursed with this deformity. Nevertheless, they seem to keep on running beyond the time generally allotted to horseflesh, and are most of them blessed with capital tempers and constitutions. Both these sons of Newminster were good performers in their day, and can boast of excellent running blood in their veins, through many generations.

Entering D'Estournel's box after leaving those of Vespasian and Victorious, no one can fail to be struck with the vastly different character of the stallion before them. He is fully two inches taller than his "pony" sire, but we can trace the "lines" of Parmesan in more than one portion of his conformation. He comes of a light, wiry, elegant tribe, amply endowed with quality; and the fusion of the Gladiator and Birdcatcher strains, has resulted, just as might have been expected, from the distinguishing traits of each family. The asperities of temper which were so effectual a bar to D'Estournel's success as a racehorse have at last been smoothed away; and, inasmuch as he gets a goodly proportion of winners to foals, it is quite on the cards that he may take rank with other famous members of the Sweetmeat family now commanding such high fees for their services.

The evergreen Saunterer battles boldly against advancing years, and is apparently exempt from all infirmities usually attendant upon the veterans of the stud. Here again we have a light but compact horse; but the horse must be so thoroughly well known to all interested in stud lore that we need not weary them with a "re-reiterated" description. Suffice it to observe that, like more than one of his contemporaries, he appears to get better stock in advancing years, as his yearling specimens will clearly prove, though they still bear most strongly the impress of his own individuality. Rumours are rife of something by Saunterer which may give the early two-year-old field a taste of his quality, while there is plenty of promise for the future among his yearling contribution.

We had not set eyes on Typhceus since his four-year-old days, though he has returned some time to his native fields. His enlistment under the vivid green Batthyany banner took place within a stone's-cast of his present quarters, and he is still the property of the Prince. A very yellow bay with black points, a great deal of Stockwell about him, he hardly bears looking at after an inspection of his companions-in-arms; and, if we are to judge by appearances, coach-horses will be his forte rather than bearers of the Batthyany colours.

Our yearling review was rather a superficial one, but we saw quite sufficient to form our judgment upon them as a lot, and no fears need be entertained of a falling off, even from the very superior lot which engaged the attention of buyers last June. They are mostly by the home sires, Rosicrucian, Victorious, and Saunterer, but we come across a Vespasian here and there, while certain strangers not unknown to fame

are also fairly represented. One of the neatest and most compact Broomielaws which it has been our luck to look over is a chestnut filly out of Igerna, with a capital back and loins, likely to come to hand early, and to pick up many of those small stakes so dear to the trainer's heart. A colt by the French sire Capitaliste out of Brown Agnes is a wonder for length and substance, and the more so because his life hung on a mere thread for many days after his birth. Three Victorious colts out of Mother Carey's Chicken, Queen's Head (the last of her produce), and Kentish Fire may all fairly take rank among the "useful" division. Saunterer's bay colt out of I Dare is a fair specimen of the black's powers; but a far better sample is his colt from Beeswing (by Knight of Kars), worth a more prolonged study for the beauty of its forehead and generally smart appearance. "Rosi's" colt from Gamos is the least likely one of the half score by that sire to which we were presented, but it may take a better turn before the summer; and another which should be greatly benefited by time is a bay colt by Vespasian out of Wild Beauty, at present in a transition state, and therefore to be criticised more tenderly than its companions of maturer development. A chestnut filly by Parmesan out of Modena by Rataplan, and therefore bred very much after the fashion of Cremorne, was the first to catch our eye as fit to be classed A.1. She is all quality, with those clean and beautifully-moulded limbs which her sire stamps on nearly all his offspring, fine depth through the heart, and action like a piece of machinery. A black and a brown filly by Saunterer out of Lemonade and Excalibur respectively are widely different in all points; and we prefer the latter, who is a sweetly level filly, to her more unfurnished and narrower companion. A black filly from Zenobia, by Parmesan, shows hardly so much quality as her relative alluded to above, but has a number of excellent points and plenty of size in her favour. A bay Victorious—Evelyn filly is long and low as her sire, and an excellent specimen of his get, with fine quality; and another by the same horse out of Imogen must also have our good word, being especially neat and racing-like, with capital bone and substance. Miss Johnson has rewarded Saunterer's attentions with one of the best fillies we have seen by that sire, for she is good all over, and will bear inspection alongside more than one of the cracks. The best Victorious, to our mind, is the bay filly from Rinderpest, and she is well backed up by a couple of real beauties, for which "Rosi" takes the credit, out of Gentian and Hilda. Parmesan had representatives out of these two mares last year, and it is quite a feather in the cap of the young Beadsman that he has so well supplied the place of the crack sire of England. The Gentian filly is wonderfully furnished and strong as a castle, with the best of legs and feet; but for a real gem commend us to Hilda's daughter, who will be quite one of the cracks of the sale six months hence, and can hardly be improved upon in any particular. The speedy Roma shows a capital colt by Victorious, beautifully moulded, promising to take a leading part among the early birds of the season; and the bay colt from Blue Gown's dam by Rosicrucian is proportionately backward, but making up its leeway very fast, though it will only just have completed its first year in June. Another six months will work wondrous changes, and if it grows the right way there will be plenty anxious to secure this very racing-like youngster.

Old Electra (dam of Actæa), one of the last of the Touchstone mares, shows a marvellously-developed bay colt by Paul Jones, whose stock are endowed with both size and bone, and then we come across two real beauties in the fillies by Rosicrucian out of Aerolite and by Blinkhoolie out of Jeu d'Esprit, the former beautifully turned and full of good points, while the latter is quite one of the expatriated Blinkhoolie's best efforts, larger than the general run of his stock, yet not lacking in quality. Then there is a Victorious filly from Waneton, very close to the ground, and a couple of smart youngsters by The Miner out of Bessie and by Broomielaw out of Gold Dust, which will be worthy of a more extended notice in three months' time. A black filly by Saunterer out of Touch-and-Go is the very image of her sire, and then we "pull up" at a very sweet chestnut with four white legs, by Vespasian from Seclusion, reminding us not a little of Hermit in his youthful days. Anderida (an own sister to Kingcraft, but not built on such a grand scale) can boast of a clipping brown filly by Parmesan, to whose paddocks Mr. Blenkiron, last year, dispatched all his best King Tom mares, in the hope of breeding a second Favonius. Lady of the Forest has done as much credit to Rosicrucian as she did to Parmesan, last year; and we can pay her brown colt no higher compliment, as he is good from head to heels, and built on the most symmetrical lines. A nice horse, too, is the brown by Victorious from Suttée; and old Thunderbolt shows a very fair colt out of Francesca, by Newminster. The bay colt by Rosicrucian out of Finesse, by Stockwell, is certainly the biggest we have yet seen by that sire; but we are not exactly, "at one" with his present owner regarding his merits. He more resembles the Stockwell breed, and, to our minds, is lacking in general racing-like character, though we hope we may be mistaken in this particular. He has been immensely admired and coveted, so we must be content to remain in the minority for the present. We infinitely preferred the next, a black colt by the same sire out of Little Heroine, with lop ears and a deal of character besides about him. For a first foal he is a wonder, and he quite outshines his companion, a bay colt by Saunterer out of Mrs. Wolfe, albeit he is far above the average, and cast in his dam's Newminster mould. Princess has a nice, level, racing-like colt by Victorious; but his merits were totally obscured by his comrade, the Rosicrucian—Fenella colt, to our thinking quite the pick of the bunch, and one we found it difficult to get away from, even after so protracted a visitation. We have merely expressed our views as to each of the above as regards make and shape, forbearing to go deeper into details at present, and not taking into account the veterinary aspect of the question under existing circumstances, reserving for a future occasion our final verdict upon the merits of these ever-changing flowers of spring.

YEARLINGS, 1876.

| Yearling. | Sire. | Dam. |
|-----------------|-------------------|--------------------------|
| Bay colt | Rosicrucian | Finesse |
| Bay colt | " | Fenella |
| Bay colt | " | Bas Bleu |
| Brn colt | " | Gamos |
| Dark ch colt .. | " | Lady of the Forest |
| Brn colt | " | Little Heroine |
| Bay filly | " | Hilda |
| Bay filly | " | Gentian |
| Brn filly | " | Zenobia |
| Brn filly | " | Aerolite, by Thunderbolt |
| Bay colt | Vespasian | Wild Beauty |
| Ch filly | " | Seclusion |
| Brn filly | Parmesan | Anderida |
| Ch filly | " | Modena |
| Bay filly | " | Spellweaver |
| Bay colt | Saunterer | Mrs. Wolfe |
| Bay colt | " | Beeswing |
| Bay colt | " | I Dare |
| Brn colt | " | Irish Church |
| Bay filly | " | Artless |

| Yearling. | Sire. | Dam. |
|-----------------|--------------------|------------------------|
| Brn filly | Saunterer | Excalibur |
| Bay filly | " | Exhibition |
| Brn filly | " | Lemonade |
| Blk filly | " | Touch and Go |
| Bay colt | Blinkhoolie | Francesca |
| Brn filly | " | Jeu d'Esprit |
| Bay colt | Y. Melbourne | Queen Mary, by Dundee |
| Bay colt | Lozenge | Mavala, by Macaroni |
| Bay colt | Victorious | Entremet |
| Brn colt | " | Irritation |
| Brn colt | " | Suttée |
| Ch colt | " | Queen's Head |
| Brn colt | " | Kentish Fire |
| Bay colt | " | Mother Carey's Chicken |
| Bay filly | " | Wanetou |
| Bay colt | " | Princess |
| Bay colt | " | Roma |
| Brn colt | " | Queen of the North |
| Bay filly | " | Evelyn |
| Bay filly | " | Imogene |
| Bay filly | " | Rinderpest |
| Ch filly | " | Chilham |
| Bay colt | Paul Jones | Electra |
| Bay colt | Capitaliste | Brown Agnes |
| Bay colt | King John | Aluté |
| Bay colt | " | Her Grace |
| Ch colt | " | Miss Deans |
| Brn colt | The Miner | Whinnie |
| Ch colt | " | Callipolis |
| Blk colt | " | Bessie |
| Ch filly | Typhceus | Apathy |
| Bay filly | " | Eltham Beauty |
| Bay filly | " | Stuff and Nonsense |
| Bay filly | Alcibiades | Pas de Charge |
| Ch filly | Broomielaw | Igerna |
| Bay filly | " | Gold Dust |
| Brn filly | " | Creole |
| Ch filly | Saunterer | Miss Johnson |
| Bay filly | Victorious | Hibernica |

Opening the doors of half a dozen boxes in the snug quadrangle where the yearlings are congregated for a few weeks before the day of sale, Mr. Blenkiron showed us a few stallions admirably fitted to walk a country district, or for some patriotic farmer to hire for the season. All are fine, well-made horses, with plenty of bone and substance; and, though they mostly failed to make their mark upon the turf, they should be eminently useful in a lower sphere, where great speed is not likely to be required. Liddington is a very old acquaintance, and, though a bad roarer himself, he did not inherit his infirmity from either sire or dam, and none of his stock have any musical proclivities. Dean of Westminster and Hussar (both bred at Middle Park) are fine specimens of their class; indeed, both may be described as handsome horses, while Linguist, a son of the neat Orest, looks like getting very clever hacks, if properly mated. It is a thousand pities that stallions of this description should be eating their heads off at Middle Park, instead of assisting in the good work of improving their species. It only requires some few enterprising gentlemen to take the lead, and then it will quickly become the fashion to lend a helping hand in the good work. Folks, we are satisfied, are only hanging back in waiting for some one to set the fashion, when all doubts and difficulties will speedily vanish. But we must wind up this long yarn consequent upon our "previous examination" of the yearling forces in the establishment at Middle Park, whither we shall hope to conduct our readers to a more thorough inspection on some future occasion, when spring shall have set its polish upon the ragged, muddy, and unkempt forms now making a fresh start in life at Eltham.

STUD NEWS.

At Moorlands Stud Farm, York, Mr. Thompson's Produce, a bay filly by Speculum, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Knight of the Garter: Sir H. de Trafford's Mildred and Grecian Bend.

At Faggoter's Stud Farm, Harlow; Poignant (late Pest), a colt-foal by Mars, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Mars: Fury, Lady Montague, Milanais, Alberta, and a mare by Monarque, all in foal to him.

At Eaton, on Jan. 26, Mr. Waring's Atonement, by Oulston, a bay colt foal by Adventurer, and will be put to Doncaster.

The owner of Day Dream has decided not to put her to the stud at present, and she goes into Weston's stable at Severn Stoke, to learn the jumping business.

At Sheffield Lane Paddocks, the following mares have arrived to Adventurer: Mr. W. Stirling Crawford's Wild Flower, by King Tom, in foal to Adventurer; Heather Bell, by Stockwell, in foal to Parmesan; Devotion, by Stockwell, in foal to Adventurer; and Marie Stuart, maiden; Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Princess of Wales, in foal to Marsyas.

Kingcraft's subscription is full.

At the Warren Stud, Epsom Downs, Mr. B. Ellam's Cybele, by Marsyas, a brown colt by Ethus, and will be put to him again.

There are thirty mares at Alfiston Paddocks, where Ores 1 is standing for the season; but no foals are expected before February.

Alwalton, Peterborough. Elspeth (dam of St. Ronan and other good winners) was destroyed at these paddocks not long since, at the very advanced age of twenty-seven. Algebra, the dam of Lecturer, has also been destroyed. This mare was in her twenty-fourth year.

That very neat horse, Cock of the Walk, has arrived at th Shepherd's Bush Stud Farm, and we earnestly commend to breeders an inspection of the "last of the Chanticleers." His fee is 20gs.

Finstall Park, Bromsgrove. On Saturday, Jan. 29, Mr. Everitt's Laura, by Lambton, a filly by Paul Jones, and will be put to Cardinal York.

At Glasgow Stud Farm, Enfield, on Jan. 27th, Gilbert's dam, a bay colt by General Peel.

The following sires are advertised for the first time in this week's Calendar:—Flash in the Pan, at Kempsey, near Worcester; Moorlands, at Elstow, near Bedford; Normanby, in Ireland; and Sir Walter Tyrrell, at Lymington Stud Paddocks, Hants.

The Stud Company, Cobham.—Jan. 26, the Stud Company's Letty West, a filly by Vespasian; Mr. H. Chaplin's Romping Girl, a filly by Cathedral, and will be put to Carnival. Jan. 31, the Stud Company's Fairyland, a colt by Blair Athol. Feb. 1, the Stud Company's Couleur de Rose, a filly by Orest. Arrived to See-Saw: Jan. 28, Lord Wilton's Honeymoon; Lord Wilton's Sandal, in foal to Wenlock.

At the Durdans, Epsom: Lord Rosebery's Parthenope, a bay filly by Lord Lyon, and will be put to King Tom. Arrived to Couronne de Fer: La Muta (dam of Electra), to whom mos of Lord Rosebery's mares will be put.

Benavoglio will not go to Ireland, but will stand at Mr. Pishey Snaith's, at Boston, for the season.

The Buckland Court mares will be allotted as follow:—Atonement to Doncaster; Woodbine, Bangle, and Belle of Scotland to Favonius; Carnage and Alarum to Carnival; Our Mary Ann to North Lincoln; and Crucifixion, Penelope Plotwell, Acro-

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Hunting Notes.

Prince Christian, attended by Captain the Hon. C. Elliot, was present on Friday night, last week, at the ball given by the officers of the "Drag Hunt" Brigade of Guards in the Victoria Barracks, Windsor.

Lord C. Innes Ker's Draghounds wound up the Windsor Steeplechase week by another capital spin on Saturday last. The weather was foggy, but notwithstanding there was a good field, including the noble master and several ladies. The meet was at the Windsor Infantry Barracks, where Colonel George Grant Gordon and the officers of the first battalion of the Scots Fusilier Guards entertained the field to luncheon. The line of country chosen for the run was from the Eton Brocas, across the fields to Eton Wick, skirting Dorney-common, Lake End, Burnham Abbey, over Mr. Cross' Barge Farm, under the Great Western railway arch, and finished at Lewis's, Maidenhead-bridge. The country afforded some capital hunting, with plenty of good fencing.

Her Majesty's Staghounds had an extra day on Saturday last, the weather having been so unfavourable of late for hunting. The meet was at Bracknell, and Goodall proposed uncaring the deer near the Shoulder of Mutton, but on his journey the fog hung very thick in that quarter. On returning towards Bracknell it was much clearer, and at the solicitations of the select few who were out Goodall determined to venture, and a clipping day's sport was the result. About one o'clock the deer (an untried one) was uncared towards Priest Wood-common, and made away for Cabbage-hill, Westley-bridge, Shottesbrook Wood, White Waltham Coverts, Shoppenhangers, Maidenhead Railway Station, across the road, along near the Thames to Bray Church, where it crossed the river with three and a half couples of hounds. Goodall, with his whips, trotted the pack over Maidenhead-bridge, and laid on again at Barge Farm, thence across to Burnham Abbey, away to the Eton Sewage Farm, which it crossed on to Chalvey, over Slough-road to Upton, along the meadows to Riding Court, Datchet, where the deer was safely housed after two hours' and a quarter's run, certainly one of the best of this season. About twenty started, but only four, Messrs. J. H. Saunders, J. P. Boyce, Moon, and Bird, besides Goodall and his whips, reached the finish, the going being very holding at places. The meet on Friday will be at the Warren House, at 11.30.

The Royal pack met on Tuesday last at the Crooked Billet, Iver, the morning being all that could be desired, and the field a large one. The London division, who mustered strong, came down by the Great Western Railway to Slough station by the hunting-special. The deer Wild Rose was unrailed at noon at the end of Fulmer-common, and went away in the direction of Slough, turning sharp to the right into Frame Wood, passed across over Stoke-common, thence to Hedgerley, right away for Gold Hill, Chalfont St. Giles, and, pointing for Amersham, gave the field a first-class run. The going was heavy in places, and the wire fences threw many of the field out of the hunt.

Baron Rothschild's staghounds will meet, for the first time since Sir Anthony's death, on Monday next, the 7th inst.

Arrangements have been made whereby Mr. Charles Morrell, master of the Ledbury hounds, will succeed Mr. F. Ames in the mastership of the Worcestershire. Mr. Morrell has purchased the Worcestershire pack, and he will amalgamate them with his own. In case, however, of leaving the county, he will give the hunt the opportunity of repurchasing them back at the price he gives for them. Mr. Morrell will bring with him his own huntsman and whips, consequently Tom Carr, the present huntsman, and his two whips will be open to engagements.

THROUGH the AGES: a Psychological Romance. By the Author of "The Honey-moon." 3 vols. [Feb. 4.]

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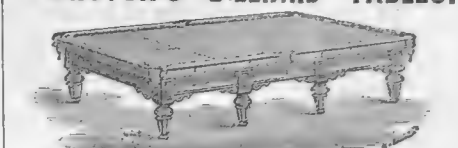
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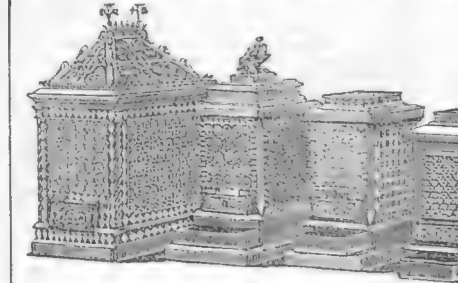
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MESSRS. TATTERSALL beg to give NOTICE that, in consequence of the increased demand for Stalls, the THURSDAY SALES will COMMENCE EARLIER this Year than usual. The first Thursday's Sale will be held on March 2, for which immediate application for stalls should be made. The Stalls are nearly all booked for Monday's sales in April, May, and June. Albert-gate, Jan. 29, 1876.

IMPORTANT SALE.

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MESSRS. W. AND S. FREEMAN,
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WILL SELL BY PUBLIC AUCTION,
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The LEASE of good STABLING PREMISES, with Dwelling House, the Goodwill of the Business, and small Stock of a Jobmaster, to be DISPOSED OF BY PRIVATE TREATY. The situation is excellent. Much more business could be added, or would suit a dealer; incoming very moderate.
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A BAY FILLY, four years old, by Westwich, dam Miss Morris, by Musjid, grandam Fly by Iago (Donnybrook's dam), great-grandam Mary by Belshazzar out of Melbourne's dam.

A BAY COLT, three years old, by Westwich, dam Victinide, by Vindex, grandam Minx, own Sister to Melbourne.

A BROWN FILLY, three years old, by Westwich, dam Miss Morris, by Musjid, grandam Fly (Donnybrook's dam), by Iago, great-grandam Maria, by Belshazzar out of Melbourne's dam.

A BAY COLT, two years old, by Westwich, dam Empress, by Hal-o-Kirkless, grandam Maria, by Belshazzar, out of Melbourne's dam.

The above well-bred, good looking, and untried horses are in splendid condition, and are well worthy attention. For particulars address Mr. H. PORD, Carnaby House, Carnaby, Hull.

BENVOGLIO, a bay horse, 15 hands 3ins high, by Oulton out of Beatrix, 3gs a mare, groom's fee included, at Mr. Pishy Smith's, Boston-on-the-Turf. Benvoglio won over long and short courses; those who have not seen the horse are respectfully invited to call and see him move. "Like begets like," and no stallion framed like Benvoglio can be a failure.

At Moorlands Stud Farm, York.

SPECULUM. A limited number of Mares, at 50gs; Groom's fee, 1 guinea. KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, at 25gs; Groom's fee, 1 guinea.

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MUSKET, at 40gs a Mare. Foaling Mares, 25s.; Barren Mares, 20s per week. For further particulars, apply to Mr. P. SCOTT, as above.

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MARSYAS (Sire of Albert Victor, George Frederick, &c.), a chestnut horse, by Orlando out of Malibran, by Whisker. A limited number of mares, at 50gs each (groom's fee included).

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MONTAGNARD (bred in France), by Fitz-Gladiator out of Milwood, by Sir Hercules; thoroughbred mares at £5 5s.; half-breds at half price.

Mares at 11s. a week; with corn, at 16s. Apply to C. KIRK, Alwalton, Peterborough; or Mr. Core, Angel Inn, Peterborough.

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BLUEMANTLE. Thoroughbreds, 5gs and 10s. the groom; half-breds, 2gs and 5s. the groom. SHEPHERD F. KNAPP, the famous trotter, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Apply to EDWARD C. MUNBY, Myton, Helperby, York.

At Woodlands Stud, Knitsley Station, Co. Durham. Apply to Stud Groom for full particulars.

MACGREGOR, by Macaroni, at 15gs. STENTOR (Sire of Absalon and Salmigondis, two of best in France), by De Clare—Songstress (winner of Oaks), at 10gs.

IDUS (best horse of 1871), by Wild Dayrell, at 10gs.

At Neasham Hall Stud Farm, near Darlington,

PALMER, THE (brother to Rosicrucian), by Beadsman out of Madame Eglenzie, by Cowl (by Bay Middleton out of Crucifix), grandam Diversion, by Defence; thirty public mares at 25gs each, and one guinea the groom. Subscription to this Horse is full.

Foaling mares at 25s., barren at 18s. per week. Apply to the Stud Groom, as above.

STALLIONS.

1876.

Stallions at Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

JOSKIN (Sire of Plebeian, winner of the Middle Park Plate), by West Australian out of Peasant Girl, by The Major (son of Sheet Anchor)—Glance, by Waxy Pope—Globe, by Quiz. At 20gs, and one guinea the groom.

THE KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK (Sire of Knight of the Crescent, Moslem, Orangeman, Tenedos, The Knight, Queen of the Bees, &c.), by The Knight of St. George out of Pocahontas (the dam of Stockwell, Ratanplan, King Tom, &c. Thoroughbred mares 10gs, 10s the groom.

THE WARRIOR, a white horse, 16 hands 1 inch high with great power and bone, fine action and temper, by King Tom out of Woodnymph, by Longbow—Mrs. Gill, by Viator—Lady Fractious, by Comus. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs and 10s the groom, half-bred mares at 5gs and 5s the groom.

RUPERT (foaled in 1866), a red roan horse, 16 hands 2in high, by Knowsley out of Rapid Rhone's dam, by Lanercost or Retriever, her dam Physalis, by Bay Middleton—Balcine, by Whalebone. Knowsley was by Stockwell out of Brown Bess (General Peel's dam), by Camel, by Whalebone. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs, half-bred mares at 5gs, unless sold before Jan. 1.

All subscriptions for thoroughbred mares to be taken of Mr. Tattersall, at Albert-gate; half-bred mares of Mr. Elmer, at Highfield Hall, St. Albans, within two miles and a half of three lines of railway—viz., the Midland, London and North-Western, and Great Northern. All letters to meet mares, &c., to be sent to Mr. Elmer, Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

1876.

At Shepherd's Bush, three miles from Albert-gate.

LORD LYON (winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger), foaled 1863, by Stockwell out of Paradigm (dam of Man-at-Arms, Bluemantle, Gardevisure, and Achievement), by Paragon—Ellen Horne, by Redshanks—Delhi, by Plenio, the sire of many winners, third on the list in numbers, 1875; latest winner, Water Lily; at 25gs, and 1 guinea the groom.

COSTA, a brown horse, by The Baron out of Cathrine Hayes (winner of the Oaks), by Lanercost out of Constance, by Partisan out of Quadrille, by Selim.

Costa is a bay horse, 15 hands 3 inches, with large bone and plenty of power. He was a good racehorse at all distances. At 10gs, and 10s the groom.

CLANSMAN, a brown horse, by Roebuck, dam by Faughaballagh out of Makeaway, by Harkaway out of Clarinda, by Sir Hercules; Roebuck, by Mountain Deer out of Marchioness d'Eu, by Magpie out of Echidna, by Economist.

Clansman is a dark brown, without white, and has got prize hunters. He comes of a large stock on both sides. The only thoroughbred mare put to him produced Brown Sarah, a winner. At 5gs thoroughbred, and 3gs half-bred mares, and 6s the groom.

Apply to D. Dollamore, Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, for half-bred mares; and to Mr. Tattersall, Albert-gate, for subscriptions to thoroughbred mares.

Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, is within a mile of a first-class station at Kensington, with a communication with almost all the main lines, where mares can be sent.

AT PACKINGTON HALL, COVENTRY.

VANDERDECKEN (7 yrs), by Sacharometer out of Stolen Moments. Ran third for the St. Leger, won the Liverpool Cup, and many other important races. At 25gs.

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For any information apply to W. MERCER, Stud Groom.

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THUNDERBOLT. Fifteen Mares, besides his owner's, at 50gs a mare, groom's fee included.

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At Easton Lodge, Dunmow, one hour and a half from London and the same from Newmarket.

BERTRAM, a limited number of mares, at 15gs each.

GROUSE (Sire of Game Bird, Lady Louisa, &c.), own brother to Laburnum, by King Tom out of own sister to Blink Benny, thoroughbred mares, 10gs; half-bred, 5gs; farmers' mares, 3gs.

Apply to Mr. WALKER, as above.

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All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Foaling mares 25s. per week, barren mares 20s. per week.

Apply to J. GRIFFITH, Stud Groom.

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SUFFOLK, by North Lincoln out of Protection (dam of Margery Daw), by Defence, at 15gs a mare, groom's fee included. All Suffolk's stock, with one exception, that have started are winners, including The Ghost, Sailor, Baumber, &c.

Apply to Mr. W. TAYLOR SHARPE, as above.

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The Whole complete in Case.
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For all disorders in
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NOTICE.—JOHN BLISSETT and **SON, GUN, RIFLE, and PISTOL MAKERS,** 98, High Holborn, are now making their guns with all the latest improvements. Long conversant with the requirements of Indian sportsmen, they guarantee a good gun or rifle at moderate cost.

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Messrs. W. and J. BURROW beg to inform the public that, owing to the great demand in London for these celebrated Wine Bins, they have opened Offices at 110, CANNON-STREET, E.C., where the Bins may be seen. Orders also received at these offices for direct supplies of the GENUINE MALVERN WATERS, aerated and plain.

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RESTORER.—Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Restores the colour to grey or white hair in a few days. It is the best, safest, and cheapest. Sold by all Chemists.—J. PEPPER, 237, Tottenham-court-road, London, whose name and address are on the label, or it is spurious.

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CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scoury, Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvellous. In Bottles, 2s. 6d. each, and in cases (containing six times the quantity) 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent to any address, for 30 or 132 stamps, by the Proprietor, F. J. CLARKE, Chemist, Apothecaries' Hall, Lincoln.

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This excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, sick headache, loss of appetite, drowsiness, giddiness, spasms, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels; or where an aperient is required nothing can be better adapted.

PERSONS OF A FULL HABIT, subject to headache, giddiness, drowsiness, and singing in the ears arising from too great a flow of blood to the head, should never be without them, as many dangerous symptoms will be entirely carried off by their timely use.

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PECTORINE cures the worst forms of Coughs and Colds, Hoarseness, gives immediate relief in Bronchitis, is the best medicine for Asthma, cures Whooping-Cough, is invaluable in the early stages of Consumption, relieves all Affections of the Chest, Lungs, and Throat.

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Our success has caused a number of counterfeit imitations to be made of highly dangerous and unwholesome ingredients. They are sold by unprincipled tradesmen as ours for the sake of a small extra profit which the makers allow them.

Please observe that every cake is stamped "Spratt's Patent," without which none are genuine.

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"We dashed down the road at a rattling pace, a bell fastened on the centre horse's brightly-painted and high wooden shoulderyoke loudly jingling with the motion. These bells, I was informed, are useful in frightening away the wolves. The latter, unless very hungry, will not attack the horses; but if they do it is a bad look-out for the men and animals. Presently we turned sharp to our right and galloped down the Volga. The river was frozen into a solid mass of ice, about 15in thick, and a regular carriage-road had been made on its glassy surface, the track being marked out by fir-branches placed at intervals along the path. Huge steamers and barges could be seen at every moment hopelessly imbedded in the ice, from the clutches of which they will not be released till the ensuing spring. Moujiks enveloped in sheepskins and thick homespun garments were driving their sleighs, laden with corn and tobacco, to Samara. Every man looked an octogenarian, for his beard and moustache were as white as the driven snow from the icicles hanging to them, while here and there parties of fishermen were making holes in the ice to catch that celebrated delicacy of the Volga, the far-famed sterlet. The Cossacks on some of the rivers in this part of Russia have a singular method of catching the finny tribe. They cut a long trench across the river and run a net from one bank to the other; then, riding several versts up the stream, they form a line across the frozen surface and gallop their horses down towards the nets. The fish, hearing the noise and clatter of a thousand hoofs, become frightened, dart in the opposite direction, and are thus entangled in the trammels. The people on both banks of this magnificent river, which is here nearly a mile wide, live principally by agriculture and fishing.

"Presently the path became very picturesque, as we dash along over the glassy surface, which flashes like a burnished cuirass beneath the rays of the rising sun. Now we approach a spot where, seemingly, the waters from some violent blast had been in a state of foam and convulsion at the moment a stern frost transformed them into a solid mass. Pillars and blocks of the shining and hardened element were here seen, modelled into a thousand quaint and grotesque patterns. Here a fountain perfectly formed, with basin and Doric columns, is reflecting a thousand prismatic hues from the diamond-like stalactites which have attached themselves to its crest. There, a huge obelisk, which, if of stone, had come from ancient Thebes, lies half buried beneath a pile of fleecy snow. Further on we come to what might be a recently-excavated Roman temple or vast hall in the palace of a Cæsar, for so many half-broken pillars and monuments erect their spiry summits above the piles of débris. The wind has done in this northern latitude what has been performed on a far greater scale by some volcanic preadamite agency in the Berber Desert. Take away the ebon blackness of the stony masses which have been there cast forth from the bowels of the earth, and replace them on a smaller scale by the crystal forms which I have faintly attempted to describe, and the resemblance would be striking.

"Our road now turns sharply. The horses scramble up the bank, giving a hundred jolts and spasmodic jerks to the travellers in the sleigh, and we continue our course over some frozen meadows. I was congratulating myself on having arrived so far safe and sound, and my companion, having felt himself all over, had just given praise to God for the uninjured state of his bones, when our passage was suddenly arrested, the ice had given way, and it would be necessary for the horses to drag the sleigh through at least three feet of water. However high we might attempt to raise our legs in such a low-built vehicle, an inevitable wetting must be the result. 'I will drive you through,' said our Jehu, with a broad grin on his face. 'No, son of an animal!' said my exasperated companion. 'You can go through, and I will see if we cannot find some passage round.' This was easier said than done. The ice had given way for a long distance on each side, and the result of our search was naught, save a futile floundering about over the rough fragments of hardened snow, and, finally, the ice breaking under me, let my leg sink up to the knee in water. On withdrawing the limb, it was as if clad in a glittering case of crystal, the intense cold having instantly congealed the wet cloth. At this time some moujiks, who were looking on, evidently greatly enjoying the scene, produced a piece of wood some eight feet long, and proposed that we should jump across the chasm, which was about twelve feet wide. Now, a twelve-foot leap in ordinary circumstances would be child's play; but here we were enveloped in furs reaching to the ground, and the clothes each of us wore must have weighed at least fifty pounds. 'It is awful,' said my companion, who was a very tall and very fat man—'it is awful, but we must.' The consequences of a slip would not have been pleasant, as in that event we should have been half frozen to death before a change of clothing could be effected. There is a sort of quivering in the interior man of which all sportsmen must be well aware when a huge, so-called, bullfinch fence interposes itself between themselves and the hounds, and there is a drop on the other side, but they do not quite know how many feet it is. That same indescribable feeling of mental agony passed through me as I seized the pole; my companion chuckled, and said, 'You will get in.' It was a fearful moment, but, committing myself and fortunes to the piece of wood, I landed in safety. 'Now it is your turn,' I said, throwing him back the bar; but his weight was too much, and on approaching the spot the ice gave way, and he found himself in the same predicament as myself a few minutes previous. 'Well, now, as I am half through, it does not signify,' he said; 'I will make our sleigh return and be pulled through; but not for all the joys of Paradise will I trust myself to that confounded pole.'

THE PORTRAIT OF MISS BLANCHE COLE, engraved in a recent number of this Journal, was from an excellent photograph by Messrs. Chancellor and Son, of Sackville-street, Dublin.

THE CHURCH AND THE STAGE.—The *Durham Advertiser* says that an evening performance, under the patronage of the Rev. William Mayor, Vicar of Thornley, and the churchwardens, has been given in Thornley Theatre for the benefit of the Thornley church. The play selected for the occasion was "East Lynne."

SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY FUND.—At the meeting of the committee of this fund, held at Stratford-on-Avon on Jan. 27, it was decided that the balance of £177 2s. 5d., now lying in the Old Bank at the credit of the Monument Memorial Fund, should be transferred to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Association, and that the balance of £86 13s. at the credit of an account for founding a scholarship should be transferred to the trustees of the Delaware Exhibition, connected with the grammar school. This finally closes the account of the 1864 festival.

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S COUGH POWDERS.—In all recent coughs or influenza in horses a cure is guaranteed in a week or ten days. Sold by all Chemists in boxes, eight powders, 2s. 6d. each box, with full directions.

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S CONDITION BALLS.—"They possess extraordinary merit,"—*Bell's Life*. "Try Taylor's Condition Balls,"—*The Field*. "They are invaluable,"—*Sunday Times*. "An invaluable medicine,"—*York Herald*. "I have never used so efficient a ball,"—John Scott.—N.B. The same ingredients are in the prepared form of powder, to be had of all Chemists, 3s. and 2s. 6d. per packet.—[Advrt.]

Shooting Notes.

SHOOTING TO THE SETTER DOG.

I PERCEIVE that "Down Charge," in your last Number, has settled the matter—no doubt very much to his own satisfaction—that the pointer is the dog for a sportsman to possess. Now, *audivi alteram partem*, and I hope you will allow me space in your valuable and interesting paper to say a few words in favour of the setter, which, to begin with, is a mongrel dog, produced by crossing, chiefly between spaniels and pointers. The principal varieties of the setter are the English and the Irish. The setter is equalled by few hunting-dogs in sagacity and excelled by none in docility and personal attachment. In colour it may be met with of almost every tint and marking common to hounds and spaniels, and the colour has little to do with its qualities, although the contrary is frequently asserted. Their hair is in general beautifully curled. The habits of the setter and the pointer are much the same; but its cheerful obedience, extreme hardihood under exertion, and quickness render it, under certain circumstances, more valuable than the pointer to the sportsman. The hairy protection of the setter's feet enables it to go through a long day's journey over moss and moor without injury, whereas most pointers would be knocked up. On the other hand, the setter, in most cases, requires more breaking than the pointer. As it too frequently happens that its enthusiasm leads it to forget the instructions it has received, a small sample of rebreaking is often required before the shooting-practices of each season commence. The Irish setter dog is a large red dog, of very commanding mien, great powers, and excellent sporting qualities. Those interested individuals who are continually advertising in the sporting papers that they have "thoroughbred" setters for sale simply state nonsense; the setter is a "mongrel," as anyone can prove by breeding one for himself; and the more pure bred his ancestry the better their progeny, the setter, will turn out.—WARE FUR (Senior Carlton).

MANAGEMENT OF PHEASANTS IN PRESERVES.

I have read with great pleasure many practical suggestions on the above important question to game preservers in several recent numbers of your journal, and, with your permission, will add the experience of the late Mr. Charles Waterton, who protected every bird in his domain, and who published the following details of his method of preserving the pheasants at Walton Hall:—

"In order to render useless all attempts of the nocturnal poacher to destroy the pheasants (wrote Mr. Waterton) it is absolutely necessary that a place of security should be formed. I know of no position more appropriate than a piece of level ground at the bottom of a hill, bordered by a gentle stream. About three acres of this, sowed with whins, and surrounded by a holly fence to keep the cattle out, would be the very thing. In the centre of it, for the space of one acre, there ought to be planted spruce fir trees, about 14ft. asunder. Next to the larch this species of tree is generally preferred by the pheasants for their roosting-place; and it is quite impossible that the poachers can shoot them in these trees. Moreover, magpies and jays will always resort to them at nightfall, and they never fail to give the alarm on the first appearance of an enemy. Many a time has the magpie been of essential service to me in a night excursion after poachers. If there be no party wall, an eye ought to be kept from time to time on the neighbouring hedges. Poachers are apt to set horsehair snares in them, and these villainous nooses give the pheasants apoplexy. Six or seven dozen of wooden pheasants nailed on the branches of trees in the surrounding woods cause unutterable vexation and loss of ammunition to these amateurs of nocturnal plunder. Small clumps of hollies and yew-trees, with holly hedges round them, are of infinite service, when planted at intervals of one hundred and fifty yards. To these the pheasants fly on the sudden approach of danger during the day, and skulk there till the alarm is over." I may remark that I have adopted these sound suggestions, and as a consequence enjoy immunity from poachers.—A. J. P. and GAME PRESERVER (Norfolk).

PIGEON-SHOOTING.

The blue rock pigeon existed in such numbers in this country at one time that an Act of Parliament was passed forbidding others than the parson and the squire of the parish "to keep a dove-cot." The amount of mischief these birds did to the farmers was incredible, and it became a common saying that a pigeon eat "a barrel of wheat and drank a barrel of water in a year." Thanks to the modern sport of pigeon-shooting, however, their numbers have now been thinned.

The International Gun and Polo Club held a shooting meeting at Cheltenham, on Saturday last, when nineteen members competed. The prizes consisted of one of Boss's guns and two free silver cups. For the first event the competitors had six birds each—two at twenty-four yards, two at twenty-seven yards, and two at thirty yards. The gun was won by Captain Gordon Hughes, who killed six out of seven; and the cup was secured by Captain H. B. Patton, with one kill less. For the Cheltenham Cup there were also nineteen shooters, and this was won by Mr. Charles G. W. Pride, who stopped nine birds out of ten, Mr. Henry J. Peareth taking the second prize. Three £1 sweepstakes at three birds each, twenty-five and twenty-seven yards' rise, were also decided. The first, worth £18, was won by Mr. Brown, and the other events were carried off by Mr. C. Chesshyre, killing six out of eight. There was a very large attendance, and everything passed off satisfactorily. The next meeting of this club will be at Preston, near Brighton, on Monday, Feb. 7, when an optional and other sweepstakes will be decided.

A "Monster Pigeon-Shooting Handicap," open to all England, is also on the tapis, when Mr. John Tucker, 13, Albert-road, Croydon, will give £65 to be shot for at the Welsh Harp, Hendon, on Monday, Feb. 15, and following day. First prize, £50; second, £10; third, £5. Entrance, 3gs. To shoot at fifteen birds each (eight the first day and seven the second), from five traps, from twenty-four yards upwards. Double guns; use of both barrels, 1½oz of shot, twelve-bore guns. To be handicapped by Mr. E. Smith, of *Bell's Life*. The handicap to appear in the *Sportsman* and *Bell's Life* on Saturday, Feb. 13. Entries to be made, not later than Feb. 11, to Mr. John Tucker, at the above address. P.O. orders made payable to John Tucker, Croydon. Checks crossed London and County Bank. The money will be given, however many shooters. Anyone entering under a wrong name will be disqualified. Any gentleman who wishes may shoot at all his birds in one day by naming it at the time of entry. Any gentleman may shoot as many chances as he pleases.

The Grand Tir aux Columbes at Monaco has drawn to a close, the following events having been decided:—Captain Aubrey Patten carried off the Grand Prix du Casino, value £800, and an objet d'arte, value £120, added to a sweepstakes of 8 sovs each. Captain Patten's "lucky gun" was made by Stephen Grant, the well-known gunmaker of St. James's-street, London. The Prix de Monte Carlo contest was most close and interesting—the Hon. J. B. Roche, Sir Frederick

Jonstone, Bart., and Baron St. Irivier being "ties," eventually, the former gentlemen won the first prize, Sir Frederick being second. The Prix de Consolation was won by Signor Barabino. A great deal of amusement was created just before the "tir" began through a rumour that the bank at the trente et quarante table had been broken by two well-known sportsmen. The run on it certainly was very hot, and to the tune of a good many thousand francs; indeed, a fresh relay of notes and gold had to be brought up or down from some inexhaustible treasury the administration are supposed to have; but the actual breaking or stopping of payment is an event the good people up at Monte Carlo never dream of. We must congratulate the Comte de Mont Blanc on his management of the Monaco amusements. In other climes the writer of these lines was a great admirer of the ability and consummate tact he displayed as a diplomatist, and it would seem his training has stood him in good stead.

SETTERS VERSUS POINTERS.—With regard to the debatable and respective merits of these sporting dogs, allow me to adduce the experience of "Idstone," who says:—"I have no prejudice for the setter over the pointer, although I have had ten setters for one pointer. If the ground I shoot over suits the pointer, the pointer suits me; but I do not think that he is quite so well adapted for the gun as the setter, provided the latter is of equal talent and adequately broken. But it would be hard to find anything more perfect than some pointers which I have shot over myself, and which died in my service, or which were more thoroughly intelligent, industrious, and sensible. One of them, 'Old Jesse,' a chance dog which I had of Mr. Meir, for snipe-shooting, and which was purchased of a deserter from Yorkshire, was a fine example indeed. As he was of an unascertained pedigree, Mr. Meir would not breed from him; but he was a fine specimen of the Yorkshire dog: he was liver-and-white, and large. If I missed him on driving off to my snipe-ground, he would track my little white French pony and gig like a sleuth-hound; and many a time I have found him close at my wheels when I have looked back for him in vain for several miles. One bright winter morning I sat on a gate waiting for my companion (a Captain Hall), and looking up a long stretch of road, when I observed 'Old Jesse' coming along, with a young dog of mine, which he had evidently invited to join in the fun; and as I let the young dog work for snipe—game he never was on before—it was a sight to see how 'Old Jesse' tried to teach him the trade. I had two pieces of snipe-bog two miles apart, and one bad scenting-day he missed my track and went to the wrong piece, so that it was past one o'clock when I reached the piece to which he had gone. On getting to my second piece, which I generally shot first, I saw 'Old Jesse' standing stiffly on a snipe, and how long he had been pointing I cannot say." I myself was once fortunate enough to possess a pointer that stood to a covey of partridges three hours by the watch; but, from my own experience, I would never look for such steadiness in a setter—nor, indeed, have I ever heard of such a case.—OBSERVER (Arundel).

THE SNIDER RIFLE.—The conversion of the Enfield into the arm known as the Snider was effected by taking out the barrel and cutting off two and a half inches of the breech end, including the "lump" into which the nipple was screwed in its original state. The space thus obtained is filled up by the breech-loading action. By these changes the character of the arm was but little altered, and its general appearance was rendered very workmanlike, particularly when compared with Continental models. The upper part of the breech opens and shuts like a trap-door, pushing back a thumb-piece, which turns it over to the lock side. To do this the gun must be placed at half-cock: the cartridge is then put into the open end of the barrel, and the thumb-piece brought over, when the gun is closed. The recoil is received on the breech generally, which is solid when the breech is closed. No arm can be adapted to military service which has a movable barrel, any more than those guns with a "break-off," or where the recoil is not received on a part of the barrel itself. In all breech-loading weapons the cartridge is a most important feature. The cartridge for the Snider is of the following dimensions:—Total length, with bullet, 2'460 inches; length of bullet, 1 inch; weight of bullet, 480 grains; diameter, .573 inch. Weight of cartridge, consisting of powder, bullet, case, and cap, 700 grains. Enfield bullet, length 1'119 inch. The requirements of the service in the matter of cartridges are very severe. They must be capable of the roughest usage, and incapable of explosion, except at the right time. In the cartridge for the Snider gun there is great strength; yet, in spite of this fact, the central-fire cartridges have been kept for many years only to look at, as the public would not purchase. In the United Service Institution there is a central-fire double gun which can be used as a percussion weapon with caps, if the special runs short, as might be the case, for instance, in India. It was presented to the institution as a specimen for reference in future days and as a register of what was not required in days gone by. One thing seems very satisfactory about the practical capability of the cartridge adopted for the Snider. Several were placed in a cartouche-box loose, and this cartouche-box was kept in lively motion for one calendar month. The cartridges were much indented, as there were not many in the box, and showed symptoms of much punishment. Not being able to meet a foreign foe, they had been pitching into each other very freely, but, fortunately, without damage. Afterwards they were fired at the butts, and did their duty as they ought to do, none missing fire, but all alike going off in good style. The different arms in the service—Long Enfield, naval rifle, five-groove, and the Engineers' rifle, with Lancaster-bore—have all been experimentally converted upon this principle with success. The Snider-Enfield is capable of being discharged fifteen times per minute. Its accuracy of fire is not much below that of the best small-bore rifle; it is incalculably superior to that of the over-praised needle-gun. The Snider-Enfield, though it may be said to have seen its day as the service weapon of the English infantry, was undoubtedly a good and accurate gun, sufficiently simple in its working, and capable of withstanding a very large amount of the rough usage of war. The weapon which has supplanted it—the Martini-Henry—has stout opponents among experts, who urge many defects against its employment in warfare. The Snider was first adopted in our Army in consequence of a report of a Special Committee, published in 1864, recommending that the whole British Army should be furnished with breechloaders. As an adaptation of the English rifle, it was patented in the year 1862, and was submitted to the consideration of the English Government in the succeeding year. After three years' delay it was accepted as the Governmental weapon—that is to say, in the year 1866. Several persons have made an attempt to claim the invention. It would appear that in 1835 Mr. John Toad Drake, of Cornwall, submitted drawings to the War Office of a weapon whose fundamental principles were precisely similar to the Snider. Mr. Jacob Snider came to this country in 1859. As a sporting weapon, the "short Snider," as turned out by the gun trade, is about the best rifle any sportsman can take abroad with him, on account of the ammunition being readily procurable at all foreign (more particularly Eastern) ports.



RETURNING FROM THE HUNT IN GAUL.

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FREDERICK LEMAITRE.

NEVER, perhaps, has that generous axiom which enjoins us to "speak nothing but good of the dead" been so welcome to us as to-day, when we are about to devote a few lines to the memory of one of the greatest actors of modern times, Frédéric Lemaître. We wish to separate, for a little while at least, the artist from the man—to divide the "God-given talents" from the vices acquired in the world; and, in doing so, contribute our meed of praise to the former, while charitably hiding the latter.

We must confess that when we heard of the death of him who, for more than two generations, had been the "popular idol," in circumstances of the greatest indigence, if not of absolute poverty, the doubt rose within us whether, after all, there are not some things which "they do not manage so well in France" as in this country. We hope that it is no idle boast to say that a similar instance of public ingratitude would not have happened here, and this notwithstanding the frequent taunt that the English are not an art-loving nation and that they give but little substantial recognition to their favourites after they have once left the arena of their triumphs. It is true, the State does not place them on the Civil List; but let it only become known that a great man—be he artist, actor, or littérateur—is not so well provided for as he should be in his old age, the public, with very few exceptions, will freely pour in their subscriptions without even the stimulating aid of a benefit and hardly caring to ask whether the decadence be the fruit of misfortune or the effects of an absence of thrift.

In France, on the contrary, the affair is left in the hands of the Government, who generally bestow a pension, and this is considered by the outside world as an act of generosity; while the fact is, that it barely amounts to one of justice and honesty. Does the actor not contribute, during the many nights on which he plays, a certain quantum, not only of his exertions, but also of ready cash, towards the relief of the poor, ruthlessly exacted in the shape of a tax of 15 per cent or thereabouts on the gross receipts of the theatre, to the company of which he belongs?—and does it not stand to reason that, if the managers were not mulcted of this sum, they would be in a position to pay their actors a larger salary, thereby enabling them the better to provide for a rainy day?

"The more he received the more he'd spend," I hear this estimable pair of universal respectability, Messrs. Gadgrind and Spuddface, mutter. "True for you," eminent representatives of all the cardinal virtues, save one—charity. But allow me to tell you that we are not to do one great evil in order to prevent a perhaps problematical greater one.

Be this as it may, certain it is that, while one of their great men was lying stricken down with illness, the French public were perfectly indifferent to his sufferings, scarcely knowing of them, until a foreign brother artist thought it his duty to hold out a helping hand to the one who, for nearly fifty years, had delighted them, on the sound of whose lips they used to hang entranced, but whose tongue, alas! would never speak again; for cancer, that most horrible of all diseases, was eating into it and claiming it for its own.

Most of the broad facts of Lemaître's life are too well known to need much recapitulation at our hands. Born at Havre, in 1800, from well-to-do parents, his father, an architect by profession, easily perceived the traces of the boy's peculiar genius, which continually vented itself in recitations; and, far from opposing it, sent him, when still very young, to the Conservatoire, in Paris, where he studied for two years under Lafou. During that time Talma had many opportunities of hearing him, and thought so highly of the lad that he recommended him to the Odéon, which theatre, however, declined to admit Lemaître among its company, notwithstanding the important testimony to the young actor's abilities. Submitting resignedly to this rebuff, Frédéric accepted an engagement at the Variétés Amusantes for thirty francs per month. His first appearance was, to say the least of it, very strange; for he made his début literally "on all fours," having to perform the rôle of the lion in a rubbishy drama entitled *Pyramus and Thisbé*. "I have," said he, "studied at the Conservatoire the part of Agamemnon, the king of kings; consequently, I do not debase myself by playing the king of the animals." From the Variétés he went to the Funambules, and from there to the Cirque Franconi, where he was lustily hissed on the first night of a grand spectacular piece called *La Mort de Kleber*. Shortly afterwards he signed an engagement with the Odéon, but did not stay long, the parts for which he was cast—those of confidants in classic tragedy—not being quite to his taste, and feeling ill at ease beneath the toga, having to declaim night after night the cold, monotonous Alexandrines, which were but little suited to his feverish and spontaneous temperament. In a very few weeks he prayed to be released from his contract, and migrated to the Ambigu. This proved the "tide which led to fame." Selected to play the principal character in a weak melodrama, yclept *L'Auberge des Adrets*, he had no sooner looked at his lines than he saw his way to the creation of a most audacious caricature—a real Aristophanesque type. He communicates his impressions to the authors, who reject with indignity the idea that their piece could be played in any other fashion than that in which they had conceived it. Frédéric gives way, interprets the rôle with all the due solemnity demanded by the melodramatic canons, and is received from the very commencement with a storm of hisses, which culminates at the last scene of the opening act in a whirlwind of projectiles hurled at the poor victim of authorial imbecility. Nothing daunted, he reappears in the second, and conjures up from beneath the sombre, bloodthirsty villain of the dramatists a grotesque figure, undoubtedly the greatest conception of modern times—his ever afterwards celebrated Robert Macaire. It is no longer the traditional bandit, with the haunted look, the terror-stricken gait, the hushed and disguised voice; it is no longer the ogre famishing for the blood of young girls, coveting the gold of old men, having no other fear than that of the gendarmes. The new bringing affects the manners of a gentleman; plays the amiable and good-tempered; wears his ragged coat, his trousers patched in a hundred places, his soles boots, his battered hat, with the inimitable, albeit somewhat fanfaron, grace of the *gandin* of the boulevard; twirls his cane, adjusts his eye-glass, offers snuff from his box, since then become legendary, to his pursuers; chats condescendingly with them instead of avoiding them, retailing his quips and bon-mots; in one word, astonishes the audience to that extent by the originality of the picture that they, in theatrical parlance, "rise at him as one man," and there and then proclaim him the greatest actor of the day. Afterwards, in another piece, which shall take its title from the personage himself, instead of from the inn, in which the action takes place, he still further elaborates this strange and profound satire on society, made by him and his *fides achates* Bertrand, eccentric duality, in which, as Théophile Gautier said, "Orestes and Pylades are disguised after the fashion of the hulks, in which they exhibit the antitheses of body and mind, of the ideal and the positive, translated into the argot of the galleys by Macaire and his friend, the Don Quixote and Sancho-Pancho of crime."

It is not long before the Porte St. Martin makes him the

most brilliant offers. He accepts and creates one of his many masterpieces, *George de Germany in Trente Ans; ou, la Vie d'un Joueur*. His genius has become emancipated, and the whole town runs to see him. Space prevents us to chronicle his many characters, every one a triumph of histrionic art. In succession he gives the world, *Le Chiffonier de Paris*, *Ruy Blas*, *Georges Maurice*, in *La Dame de St. Tropez*, *Richard Arlington*, *Don César de Bazan*, *Kean*, until the public, at a loss for honorary titles wherewith to salute him, call him *Le Grand Frédéric*, *le Talma du Boulevard*, while Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas coin the epigrammatic one, *Lemaître à tous*. Yes, he was the master of them all. Among the English-speaking nations he has no superior, and one equal only, Mr. Jefferson. Among his own countrymen the nearest approach is Du Maine. No matter how large the canvas he could fill it in, he could breathe life into it. He kneaded the poet's original idea into a shape of his own, with him it became the living being, fuming or fretting with rage, panting or languishing with love. From a handful of plaster he moulded a statue, and the work stood forth as from the chisel of a Michael Angelo. Hear Monsieur Auguste Vacquerie. "He reveals to poets and authors aspects of their demands of which they had not the slightest conception. With a thrust of his irresistible elbow he opens dazzling vistas to them of which they had never even dreamt." Now speaks Théophile Gautier, and, as always, to the point. "The others are but masks, Frédéric is a man."

His was decidedly

The delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice.

His was not the brush of Meissonier, but that of Rubens. He excelled above all in the delineation of ambition, the mad excitement of the gambler, the boiling passions and feverish transports which show themselves in furious outbursts and dithyrambic ravings. Sarcasms and irony he represented in their most scathing minute details; the energy of life was seized by him in its highest flight; the cry at its instant of explosion. Those that have seen him as *le vieux Caporal Simon* will not easily forget the unutterable agony depicted in his features when he is suddenly bereft of speech, and the mad, exultant yell, choking itself in its own utterance, when he as suddenly regains it.

So much for the artist: a few words for the man, which we wish to make as few as possible, in the interest of the sentiment expressed at the beginning of this article.

That he was despot in temperament, proud in disposition, a "*mauvais coucheur*," as they say in the slang of the stage, no one could deny; but may we not charitably attribute this to the fact of his being one of those powerful organisations that absorb everything that comes in contact with it. His was not only one of these giant natures, but the character was also a complex one. It may raise a smile of incredulity on the lips of our readers when we have to tell them almost in one breath that he was a gambler, a drunkard, and—a God-fearing man. For that he was this there is not the slightest doubt. It is a well-known fact that whenever he had a new part to create he went on the morning of the first night to the Chapel of the Virgin, attached to the Church of St. Sulpice. Nothing but a sentiment of true piety could have inspired such a thought, for there was obviously no motive for any Tartuffish godliness. Among the many anecdotes we will select one or two, principally to show that there were some redeeming qualities in this life, so full of error.

At the apogée of his fame some one decided that he should have a theatre expressly built for him. Hence the Renaissance. But the director had no money, and was obliged to take a partner who had, but who looked with profound contempt on everything that was not connected with opera, he himself being a musician. Furious to see *Ruy Blas* bring crowded houses, while on the musical nights the benches remained empty, he instigated the orchestra to annoy Frédéric when on the stage. Now it was a violin which squeaked, then it was a clarinet which emitted a shrill; so much so that it became past bearing. One night, just when *Ruy Blas*, fresh from the murder of Don Salluste, is on the point of poisoning himself, a luckless wight bethought himself of a trick, and suddenly the air of "*Marlborough s'en va-t-en guerre*" falls upon the audience's ears. A few notes only, though. Frédéric rushes to the float, scales the footlights, jumps into the orchestra, and belabours the performer with his own instrument until it flies into a dozen pieces in all directions. Next day a new violin with a hundred-franc note repays for the loss. His quarrels with Harel, the director of the Porte St. Martin, are proverbial. This gentleman was always on the verge of bankruptcy. The safe was ever empty. As he and Lemaître were sitting one day devising ways and means, an aspirant author enters. "Your piece is accepted," says the director to the astonishment of the candidate for dramatic fame, "pray sit down;" and then follows a tale of the expenses attendant upon the production of a new play. The result is that the young man is about to bleed to the tune of 10,000f, and departs with expressions of fervid gratitude. The moment he is gone Frédéric, with the most tragic air, rises, not having spoken a word during the interview. "He has still his watch, why have you left him that?" cries he in a tone which would have done credit to his immortal creation, Robert Macaire. To cut it short, a violent dispute ensues, but Lemaître warns the young man, and saves him from being fleeced.

His intemperance is as well known as most errors of his life, but less public is the fact that he never was so sublime as when what is vulgarly called "dead drunk." As some celebrated critic has said, "At those times he used to emit flashes of genius at every phrase, electrifying the audience, until they became breathless with suppressed excitement."

Last Saturday he was carried to his grave. A monument will no doubt be raised by his admirers. We suggest the following epitaph, which is Antipater Sidonius on Anacreon:—

Thus, after death, if shades can feel,
Thou may'st from odours round thee streaming
A pulse of past enjoyment steal,
And live again in blissful dreaming.

ALBERT D. VANDAM.

MILITARY PEDESTRIANISM.—Two sergeants of the 15th Foot who marched from Aldershot to London, on Thursday week, in complete marching order, returned to Aldershot at half-past three the following afternoon, apparently with as elastic a step as when they started for London, which they left at half-past three on the Friday morning. Notwithstanding some halts for refreshment, a dense fog, and a load of 60lb., they averaged upwards of three miles an hour. They were met by crowds of friends, chiefly military, who cheered them into camp.

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints and Inflammation.—Have it in your houses, and use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism.—Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—(Adv't.)

THE HISTRION'S HORNBOOK.

DEDICATION.

To the Right Hon. the Marquis of Hertford, Lord Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household.

My Lord,—I aspire to endow the worthless treatise which I now present to the world in general, and to the theatrical profession in particular, with the accidental but inestimable value which must attach to it by coupling it with your distinguished name.

I am aware, my Lord—indeed I am convinced that none can be more keenly conscious of it—that by complimenting your Lordship I give point to such charges of arrogance as are sure to be brought against me by those contemptible individuals who are toadies at heart without being courtiers by nature. If I succeed in praising your Lordship sufficiently I am willing to bear their animadversions patiently. Nor shall fear of ridicule on their part check fearlessness of expression on mine.

Gifted by nature with an illustrious ancestry and a noble presence, your Lordship differs from the majority of those possessing similar endowments. What in you commands admiration, in them excites the sin of envy, for to the dignity demanded by your exalted station you join the suavity which is only discovered in the truly great.

Exercising an enlightened generosity, you are apt to overlook failings; but, gifted with a judicial discretion, you cannot pardon faults; so that, by a happy blending of two apparently opposite characteristics, you succeed in obtaining the regard of the virtuous, while you compel the respect of the vicious.

But notwithstanding your Lordship's exalted station, and the estimable qualities by means of which you cast upon it an increased lustre, it is not for this alone that I select you as the fit and proper person to whom to dedicate this primer for professionals, which I have entitled "*The Histrion's Hornbook*;" for though I, being no Horace, dare not presume to address so gracious a Mæcenæ on my own behalf, I nevertheless, and with great humility, venture to hope that, my efforts being intended to promote the welfare of that stage of which your Lordship is the guardian angel, that fact will prevent you from averting your face. For though you are one of those few persons of birth and wit whose patronage in any event I would have most earnestly desired, yet would I never have ventured to solicit it save as the spokesman of a profession in which I once served as a student, and in which I have now elected myself to a professorial chair. Permit me, therefore, to harbour the flattering hope that I am decreasing my presumption by turning for a moment from my Patron to my Treatise.

The object of the work is to set forth in a certain sequence a number of rules or directions, by the following of which the Histrion himself will produce upon the stage that reform which your Lordship has laboured so long and so conscientiously to achieve. I have been animated by an honest desire to lessen those constant and harassing labours of your Lordship in connection with the stage, the performance of which must leave you but a small remnant of time in which to discharge those other important functions included in the irksome office which you hold at Court.

Not that I would breathe the whisper of a suspicion that I do not consider State control over the theatre as being the most desirable thing on earth. Nay, my Lord, even should you entertain a contempt for my literary ability, I pray you, nevertheless, to cherish a belief in my utter sincerity. For, if the result of my labours should be to lessen yours, yet would I still rejoice to see you the official patron of the British Drama. Although certain scurrilous writers on the press affect to hold you and your office up to ridicule, yet the Authors, Actors, Managers, and Architects do most earnestly pray for a continuance of your rule to a remote posterity. To gain that blessing for the Future, they would even go so far as to dispense with it in the Present.

And now, my Lord, I leave it to your Lordship to judge whether, while I am honoured in the use of your name, you are dishonoured in having it prefixed to a work devoted to the wellbeing of the actor. And I leave it to the public to judge whether—even admitting my presumption to be unpardonable—I could have selected a more suitable, a more enlightened, a more noble patron.

Should your Lordship feel less inclined to pardon my impudence than my fellow-commoners to condone my offence, I pray that at least your Lordship will refrain from crushing with neglect.

Your Lordship's most obedient

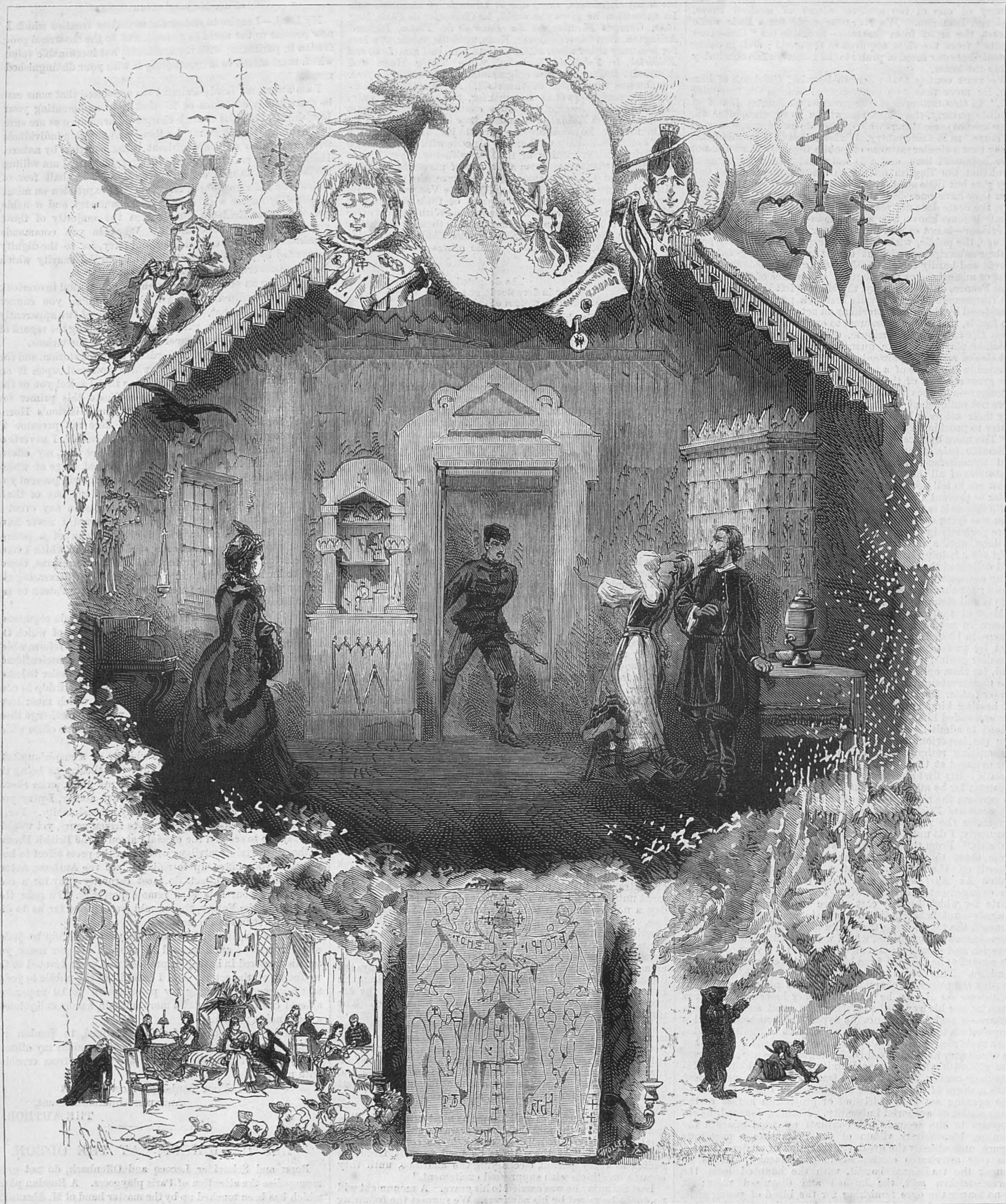
And most humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

"LES DANICHEFF," AT THE ODEON.

Rosst and Schneider, Lecocq and Offenbach, do not quite monopolise the attention of Paris playgoers. A Russian piece, which has been touched up by the master hand of M. Alexandre Dumas, and which a French contemporary says presents an attractive panorama of "high life" and low life in the land of the Czar, draws good houses to the Odéon. *Les Danicheff* is the title of the new play, and M. Pierre Newski is credited with the authorship of it. The facile pencil of a French Artist, M. Scott, presents our readers with some of the leading personages and scenes in *Les Danicheff*:—

The scene is laid in Russia, and much of the interest is derived from the peculiar habits and customs of that country. The Countess Danicheff lives in feudal state in the country with her only son Vladimir, for whom she purposes contracting a rich alliance, to which he is fully entitled by rank and fortune. Unfortunately, he loves a girl of humble birth, to whom the Countess had deigned to be godmother, and who lives in the house as a sort of humble companion. The mother, on hearing of her son's affection, contrives to send him to St. Petersburg; and then, notwithstanding the resistance of Anna (the goddaughter) marries her to a serf named Osep. Meanwhile Vladimir is received in the palace of a Prince who has an only daughter, eighteen years of age, strikingly beautiful, and the heiress to an immense fortune; but the young man does not permit himself to be enticed by either her wealth or



SCENES FROM "LES DANICHEFF," AT THE ODÉON, PARIS.

beauty, but remains faithful to Anna, whom absence renders still more cherished. But at length he learns the terrible reality; and, returning home, he manifests his intense indignation before his mother, and rushes out to find the man who had done him so great an injury. But the presumed rival owed his young master a deep debt of gratitude for many benefits, and, instead of profiting by his rights as a husband, he has lived with Anna altogether like a brother. He perceives that his wife, while remaining faithful to her duty, was not less faithful to her first and only love.

What is Wladimir to do? In France adultery alone could solve the difficulty of such a position; but in Russia divorce is permitted, if receiving the authorisation of the Czar. The young lady whom Wladimir had disdained feigns to implore the Imperial clemency, but she was only too anxious to obtain a refusal. Her appeal proves a failure, and the divorce is not to take place. In the end, the honorary husband Osip finds a

solution. To restore his wife to freedom he becomes an ecclesiastic, that step in Russia being sufficient to bring about a divorce, and Wladimir marries the woman who has remained faithful to him. Such is a mere outline of the action, but the piece contains numerous curious details and many admirable bits of writing, generally placed in the part of a French diplomatist, M. de Taldé (a rôle filled by Porel). One of them is the description of a bear-hunt, in which he has been in danger, and the following termination was taken up by the audience and cheered loudly:—

A wild beast attacks a Frenchman behind; a Russian saves him. So long as there shall be Frenchmen, Russians, and wild beasts, the same will always take place.

The allusion, of course, in the attacking animal is to Prussia; but how Russia did anything to save France in the late war is not very apparent. The success of the piece is incontestable, and it has been very handsomely placed on the stage.

Mlle. Hélène Petit performs the part of Anna with much dignity, simplicity, and emotion, whilst Mlle. Antonine renders the character of the Princess Lydia less repulsive than it might have been depicted. But the great triumph of the evening is for M. Marais, who personates Count Wladimir. This young actor, who a few months ago obtained a prize for tragedy in the Conservatoire, proves himself to be an admirable comedian, and one destined for the Théâtre Français. Gifted with a flexible voice, and of the most sonorous suppleness, he displays very rare qualities. He possesses strength united to judgment, knows how to observe proper shading, and, above all, articulates most distinctly. Rumour affirms that the real name of the writer is M. de Krankoff-ki, and that he has some claims to French citizenship, having married the charming Stella Colas, one of the most accomplished of French actresses, and the most fascinating Juliet, moreover, the English stage has seen for many years.